

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,072

JUNE 14, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 14, 1890

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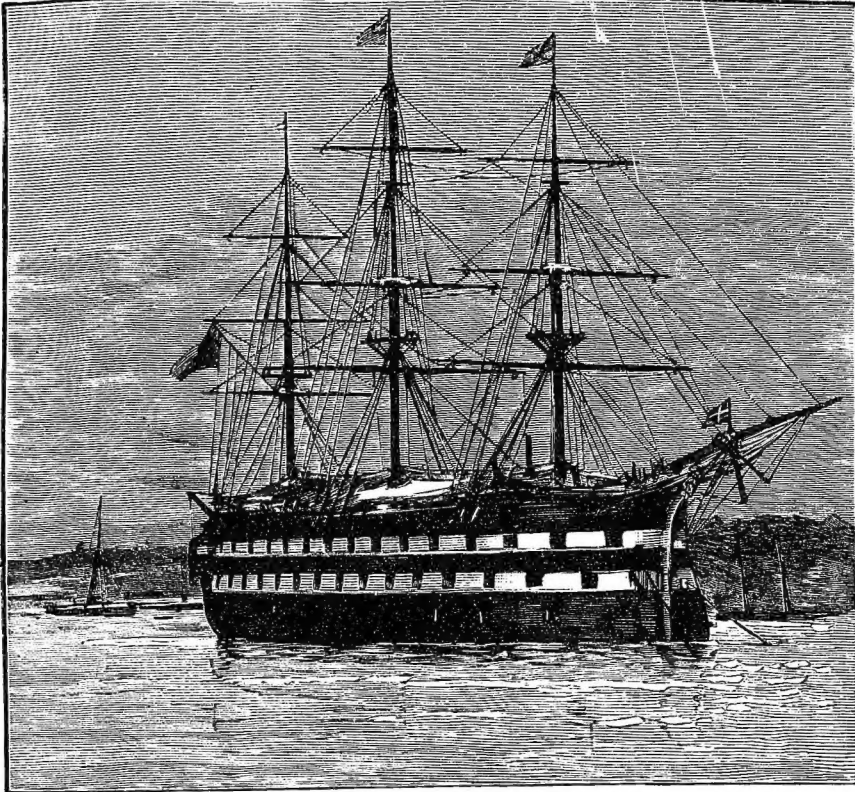
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,072.—VOL. XL1.
Registered as a Newspaper

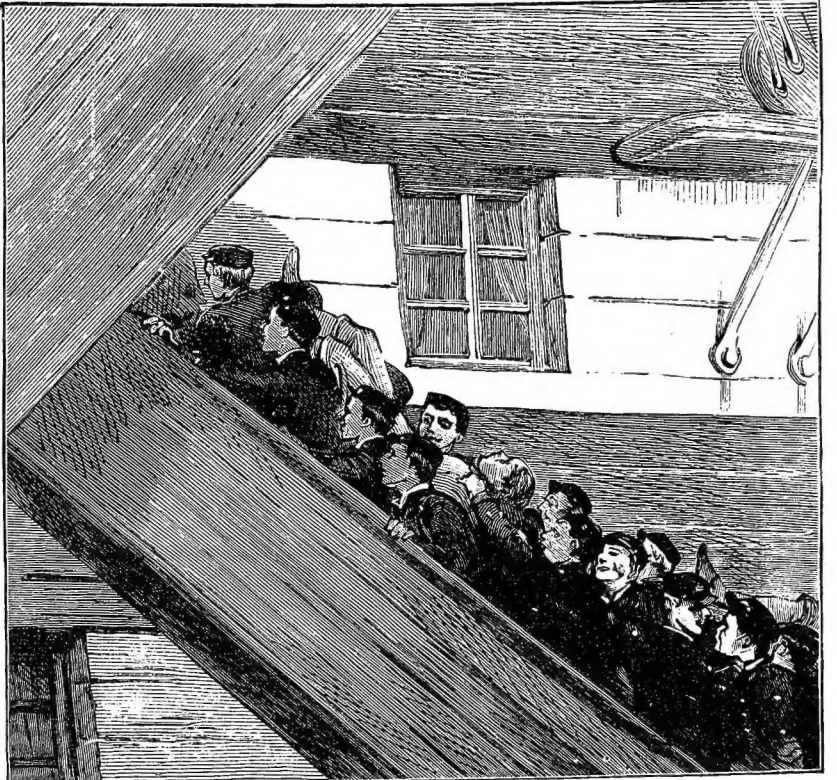
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890

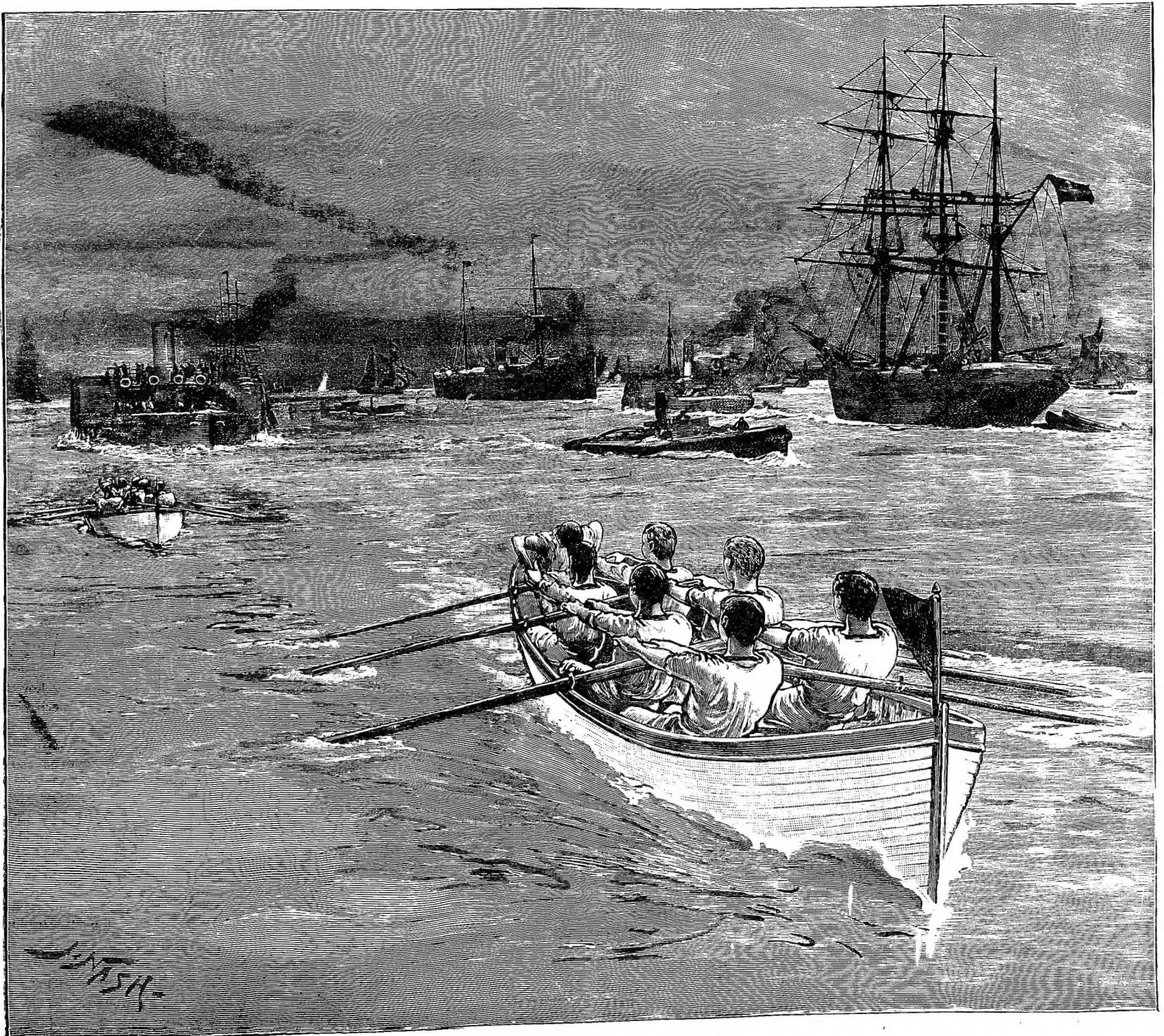
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CARRYING THE VICTORIOUS CREW UP THE ACCOMMODATION LADDER



THE RACE—THE "WORCESTER" CREW AHEAD
THE RACE AT GREENHITHE BETWEEN THE NAVAL CADETS OF H.M.S. "WORCESTER" AND H.M.S. "CONWAY"

Topics of the Week

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES IN BERLIN.—Even the recent reception of the Prince of Wales in the Prussian capital was not more hearty than that which has been accorded to the Heir Apparent of the Italian Crown. The German Emperor has done everything in his power to make his guest's visit pleasant, and his efforts have evidently had the cordial sympathy of the mass of the people. The meaning of this is that the Germans have really a warm regard for Italy, and a sincere desire for her friendship. They have not forgotten that to a considerable extent they owe to Italy the national unity of which they are now so proud. During the dull period which succeeded the exciting movements of 1848 and 1849 there were a good many Germans who longed for the growth of a true national life among their countrymen; but the enthusiasm of these politicians produced little impression on the people as a whole. It was the success of the Italians in 1859, and the immediate following years, which kindled in Germany the patriotic fire that has since burned so brightly and so steadily. If Italy was to be united and free, why should not Germany have before her a like happy destiny? That was the question that stirred the impulses of the younger generation; and had it not been raised, it is probable that Prince Bismarck would never have had behind him the great popular force that enabled him to accomplish his gigantic task. Then, in the crisis of 1866 it was Italy which stood side by side with Prussia. In that memorable year the Italians did not, indeed, greatly distinguish themselves; but they at least co-operated with the victors, and made their enterprise somewhat less difficult. All this is thoroughly appreciated by the Germans, and gives a touch of sentiment to the alliance by which, on the ground of common interest, the two countries have been brought into intimate relation with one another. The feeling is reciprocated in Italy, and as long as it lasts it cannot fail to serve as one of the most potent guarantees of European peace.

"BETTERMENT."—It cannot be said that the London County Council has displayed so much financial skill as its late lamented predecessor, the Metropolitan Board of Works. Endeavouring to escape from the disastrous consequences of abolishing the coal dues, our conscript fathers evolved the brilliant idea of making public improvements pay for their own cost. It was a simple thing enough—on paper—but a hybrid Committee of the House of Commons has just decided, after thoroughly investigating the principle of "betterment," that the Council must look for financial salvation elsewhere. Nor is it at all astonishing that the Committee came to this view; the evidence proved conclusively that the scheme placed before them was crude to the last degree. Some of the thoroughfares included in the "betterment" area would not have been bettered at all, but rather the contrary; others which were left outside the area would as clearly have had their value largely improved. Nor does this objection apply to the Strand Improvement scheme alone; it would be sure to crop up—together with unpleasant suspicions of jobbery—whenever any "betterment" area was arbitrarily delimited. Public opinion took this view from the first, and it must be confessed that the very weak and inconclusive reasoning of the leading counsel for the Council revealed a consciousness of having no case, or next to none. We may assume, therefore, that the newfangled system which was to have made up for the loss of the coal duties without touching the ratepayers has run its course, and will never again be heard of. But public improvements cannot stop; who is to pay for them? There comes the rub which our municipal lords and masters feel so keenly. If they increase the burdens of the ratepayers their chances of re-election will be fatally injured; if they refuse to do the work they were appointed to do, such as removing the Holywell Street "block," the public will not accept it as an excuse that the abolition of the coal dues cut off the funds which the Metropolitan Board of Works employed for such purposes.

BURNHAM THORPE.—It is said by the compilers of guide-books and other persons in authority that somewhere far above the heads of hurrying Londoners stands a statue of that great little Admiral who won the most glorious victories ever gained at sea. It is further stated that the figure which those who have keen eyes can discern on clear days standing on the top of the pillar in Trafalgar Square, but whose value is for most persons represented by x , is that of the famous Nelson. Possibly the authorities are right, and perchance our fathers perched their hero on a pillar like St. Simeon Stylites, in order that, with his face turned down Channel, he might gaze for ever towards the shores he kept inviolate and the white breakers on which his victorious ships rode homeward bound. At any rate, he is happier than his companions in statuary, in that he is so far above criticism that no bilious passer-by can stare him in the face and remark upon his ill-looks and the awkwardness of his attitude. But though the hero is out of sight he is not out of mind, for the church of Burnham Thorpe, in whose Rectory Nelson was born, and within whose parish bounds

he failed to see Fear, is to be restored by hands reverent of the mighty dead. The church has fallen into sad disrepair, the Prince of Wales has placed himself at the head of a movement for restoring it to Nelson's memory. No fitter place for a memorial of the great sea-captain could be chosen than the parish in which he was born and passed his childhood, and the people of Burnham Thorpe may well expect that England, for whom their former Rector's son did so much, should aid them in their pious task. At any rate, no one can complain that Burnham Thorpe is more out of the way than the monument in Trafalgar Square or the crypt of St. Paul's.

THE LORDS AND THE LADIES.—Miss Fawcett's brilliant triumph, about which everybody has been talking, came off just in time to serve as an argument in the debate in the House of Lords on the question whether women ought to be allowed to become County Councillors. Lord Granville promptly cited her success as one more demonstration of the fact that women, in competition with men, may be not only equal but superior to their rivals. The argument produced no impression on the ungallant Lords, who threw out, by a large majority, the Bill which would have given the ladies the legal right which many of them are so anxious to secure. It cannot be said that the considerations which seem to have decided the votes of the majority were remarkable for their novelty. All the old assertions about the degrading effects of public life were trotted out as if no one had ever heard of them before, whereas, we should suppose, there is not an educated man or woman in England who is not heartily tired of these dull exaggerations. Lord Derby very sensibly asked why, if constituencies wished to be represented by women, Parliament should desire to interfere with their choice. Let the effect on the elected women be what it might: that was a matter for them, not for Parliament, to take into account. This is a perfectly sound argument so far as it goes; but it does not go nearly far enough. The essential facts relating to the question are, that County Councils have to deal with problems by which women are as closely affected as men, and that with regard to many of these problems women are in a much better position than men to form just and practical opinions. The exclusion of women from a kind of work for they are eminently fitted is, therefore, a loss to the entire community. This view has for some time been steadily making way, and its acceptance by the nation is not likely to be long postponed by the scornful treatment it has received in the Upper House.

THE AMERICAN SILVER BILL.—England has every reason to wish all possible success to the great financial experiment which the Washington Government has all but initiated. Whatever may be the ultimate consequences of this measure to the United States, it has already given sensible relief to the Calcutta Treasury by considerably raising the rate of exchange. Rupee paper has simultaneously taken a great bound upwards, while impoverished officers and officials in the East are able to make family remittances to England with much less loss than at the beginning of the year. The one ugly question which presents itself at every turn is as to the duration of this happy change. Beyond the Atlantic, the general tone is extremely jubilant; even those who are not wont to give way to optimism make light of the possibility of an artificially-inflated currency being followed by a crash. Their argument is that the currency has been unduly restricted in comparison with the legitimate requirements of trade and commerce in a young and growing country. They contend, therefore, that the issue of silver certificates—that is, paper-money resting on silver to the amount of its face value—will only establish an equilibrium between supply and demand. So it may prove for a time; the United States have so much undeveloped wealth to be "brought to bank," as the mining vernacular has it, that the addition of four and a-half million dollars per month to the currency may not cause any sensible depreciation for some years. Unless, however, the experiences of other countries count for nothing, it seems inevitable that this process of depreciation will set in sooner or later, and when it does, its progress is likely to be rapid. But the Government would interfere, no doubt, at the first sign of real danger, by suspending the monthly purchases of silver and the issue of certificates. That precautionary measure can be adopted at any time, should occasion arise, just as it lies in the power of the British Government to suspend the Bank Act. All the same, Indian financiers should be very cautious, when framing their Budgets, to provide a wide margin when estimating the loss on exchange.

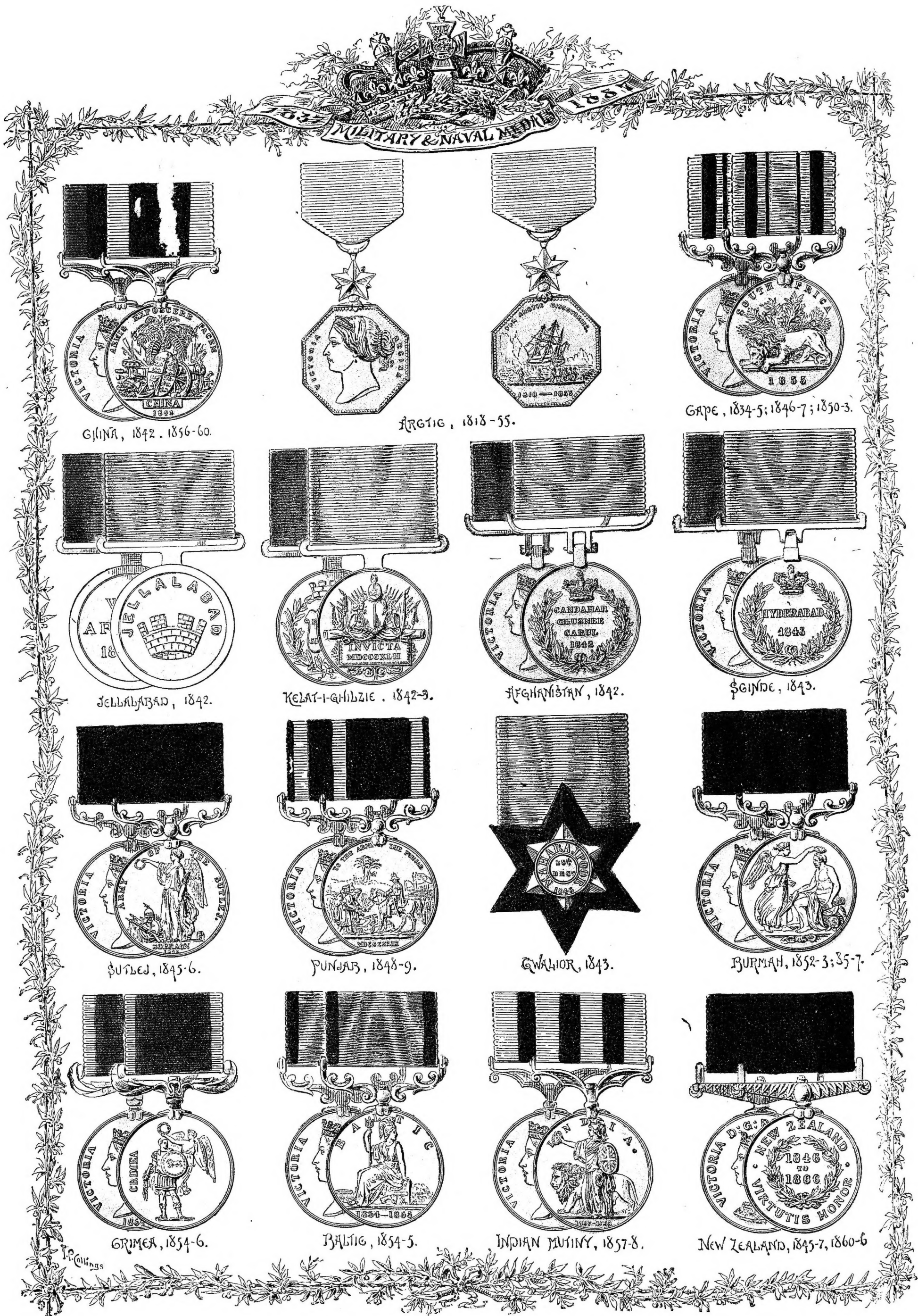
THE MAY WEEK.—If, as has been propounded by some enthusiastic undergraduate, Lord Tennyson's "Queen of the May" is really an allegory, and represents the eagerness of the cousin of a man *in statu pupillari* to be called early in order to enjoy the festivities of May Week to the full, there is no doubt much that commentators of one thousand years hence may bring forward in support of the theory. The May, like Commemoration at Oxford, is essentially the ladies' week at Cambridge; and the number of pretty sisters and prettier cousins brought up from country houses and rectories by the undergraduate is something to make the ghosts of the old bachelor Dons, who hiccupped Greek like helots in their cups

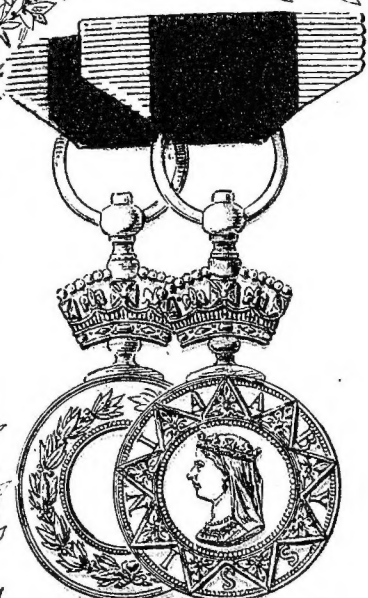
a century ago, lift skeleton hands in horror and amazement. The famous Backs are in all their summer glory, and the velvet of immemorial lawns, and the grey stone of ancient collegiate halls, make a noble background for the bright dresses and merry laughter of sweet English maidens, who, judging from this one week, look upon College life as all play, upon the Tripos as an examination to be passed in the intervals of festivity, and even upon the struggle for Head of the River as a mere pastime. There is plenty of idling on that trimly-kept stretch of water that lies between Newton's Bridge at Queen's and the Johnian Bridge of Sighs, but in the evening comes the more serious work by Chesterton, the swirl of oars round Grassy, the Gallery bump at Ditton, and the glorious rush down the Long Reach, when every oarsman does his utmost for the glory of his college, and the reward of an honourable place on the river. And in the year which Miss Fawcett has made so brilliantly her own, the old pupils of the blind Professor may well be pardoned if, amid the crush of boats pressing homeward as evening falls, they for a moment fancy they see a bowed and pathetic figure stroking the Ancient Mariners as in the days that are no more.

MR. MORLEY'S AMENDMENTS.—Every one who cares for the dignity and usefulness of Parliament must have been pleased by the Speaker's decision on the question of Instructions to Committees of the whole House. These Instructions threatened to become a most formidable nuisance, but we may now trust that we have heard the last of them as instruments of Obstruction. So far as Mr. Morley's Instruction on the Irish Land Purchase Bill is concerned, the Speaker's judgment has had practically no effect, for his propositions may be introduced as Amendments in Committee; and in this new form they will, no doubt, be thoroughly discussed. There seems to be no very urgent reason why they should not be in substance accepted by the Government. They embody the policy which has been so carefully expounded by Mr. Chamberlain, and, if adopted, would certainly tend to enlist the sympathy of the Irish people on behalf of the measure. It would be an immense advantage to the Imperial authorities to be delivered from the necessity of negotiating directly with the Irish peasantry; and since Irish County Councils would profit by fair and reasonable bargains, it would be their interest to see that such bargains were concluded. Sooner or later the questions relating to local government in Ireland must be faced, and the Ministry has now an excellent opportunity of dealing with them. The Session is far advanced, but the Opposition would not be disposed to obstruct a scheme proposed by one of its own leaders. The object is of national importance, and ought to be raised above the issues of mere party conflict. Mr. Chamberlain, in his striking speech on the second reading of Mr. Balfour's Bill, appealed to the House to consider the measure in an impartial and patriotic spirit. If the Government acts upon his advice, it may not be too much to hope that the controversy regarding both the Land Question and County Councils will be settled by a practically unanimous decision of Parliament.

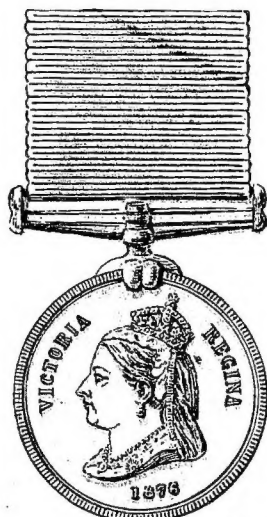
THE "CITY OF ROME."—Another great Atlantic liner with nearly a thousand people on board, has run a very narrow risk of going to the bottom. Fortunately, the *City of Rome* had a cautious skipper, who reduced the speed to "dead slow" when he found himself in a bewildering fog off the dangerous Irish coast. But even with that precaution the huge ship had such a hole knocked in her by the Fastnet rock that serious consequences might have ensued but for her being built in compartments. It is curious that this second testimony to the value of this method of construction should follow so quickly on the still more striking evidence afforded by the *City of Paris*. There are cases, of course, in which the compartment-system will only keep an injured vessel afloat for a short time. But even in these extreme instances its value as a means of saving life is immense. Supposing, for instance, that the *City of Rome* had run on the Fastnet at full speed. In all probability she would have sunk, as did the *Sultan*, under somewhat similar circumstances, in the Mediterranean. But time would have been allowed, at all events, to embark the passengers and crew in boats; whereas a steamer not built in compartments would have gone down in a few minutes. Is there not a practical lesson to be derived from these casualties? Mr. Plimsoll would read in them, we feel assured, a solemn warning to our rulers to ordain that only vessels constructed on the most approved compartment-system should be allowed to carry passengers—especially emigrants. When Jack has no human freight to care for, he takes little time to get off a sinking craft. But, if he has several hundred helpless human beings on his hands, he requires time to put them into the boats, and this he obtains in a compartment ship while the sea is gradually breaking through the series of bulkheads. For his sake, therefore, as well as for that of passengers and emigrants, we should be disposed warmly to support Mr. Plimsoll were he to propose the enactment in question.

SUPPER AFTER THE PLAY.—At regular intervals there are rumours that supper is going to be once again the joyous meal it was some years ago. But rumour seldom falsifies her character as a lying jade, for somehow supper

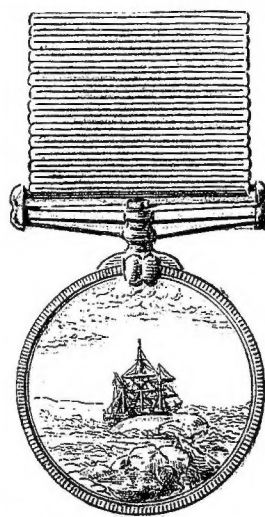




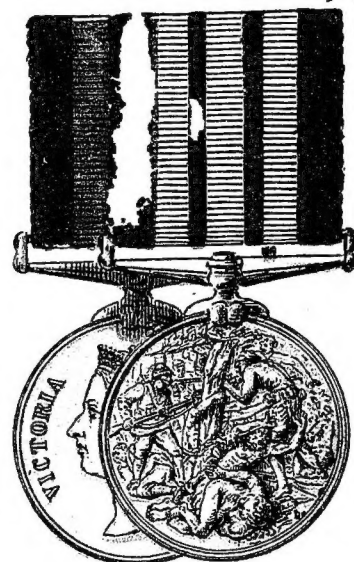
ABYSSINIA, 1867-8.



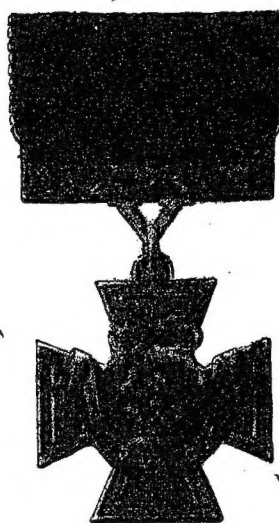
ARCTIC, 1875-6.



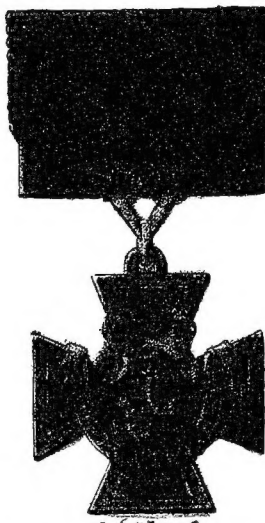
ASHANTI, 1873-4.



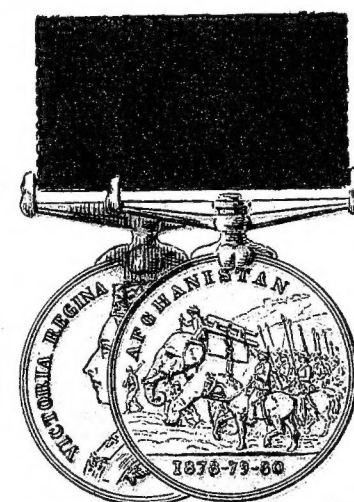
SOUTH AFRICA, 1877-8-9



ARMY VICTORIA



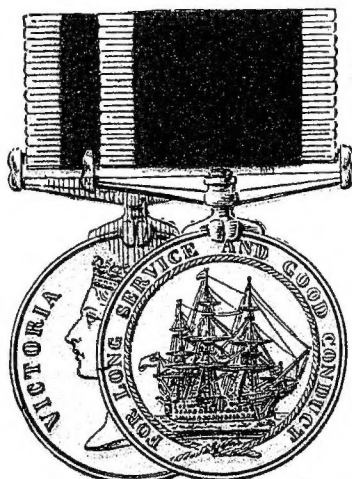
NAVY CROSS



AFGHANISTAN, 1878-9-80.



MERITORIOUS SERVICE, 1845



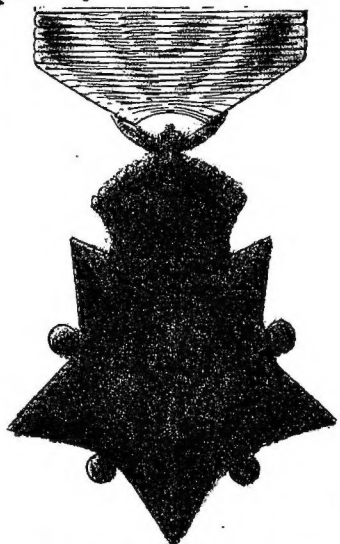
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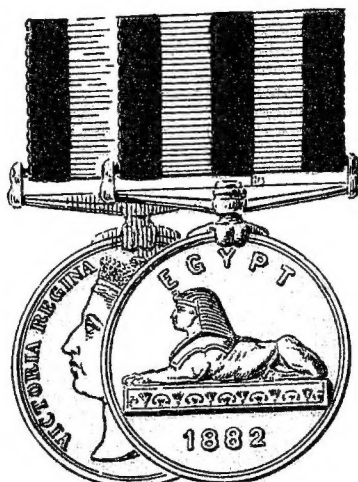
& GOOD CONDUCT. ARMY.



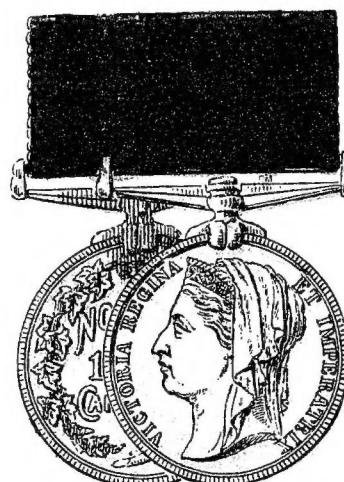
CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY, 1855.



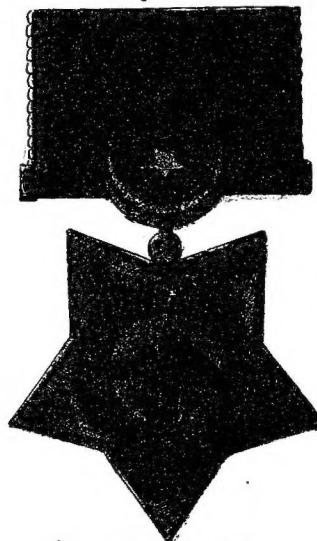
AFGHANISTAN, 1880.



EGYPT, 1882



CANADA, 1885.



SUAKIN, 1884.

never has taken hold of the public as the paragraphers declared it would. And now it is again boldly announced that supper is to become fashionable, but people forget that the century is growing very old, and that the jolly old days and the jolly old nights ere the teetotal craze had put out the lights have passed away with the Coal Hole Clement and the fashions in amusement that pleased Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his friends. The witching hour of midnight is now doubly witching by Act of Parliament, for, as the hour strikes, would-be supper-eaters are turned out of the house of their choice, and are packed off to bed or to finish their interrupted meal at their own homes, which they please. A swollen liver or an impaired digestion often poses very successfully as morality among middle-aged men, and though Sir John may no longer care to hear the chimes at midnight, yet Pains and his friends are still amongst us with digestions that could dissolve paving-stones; and they fear not supper nor the wraiths of lobsters that are said to dance upon the roysterer's pillow. But with the greater part, what with lack of courage, and the necessity they are under of going home betimes, supper will never be what it once was. Perhaps the next century may be young enough to enjoy good things in the small hours, but for the few years left of the eighteen hundreds the world will take its soda-water with a dash of something before going to bed, and leave the dubious joys of supper to the very young, or the very rash.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY MEDALS."

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THE "WORCESTER" AND "CONWAY" BOAT-RACE

See page 667

"A QUIET PIPE"

OUR engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Roberts, 66, Tisbury Road, Brighton, are sufficiently explained by their titles.

THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW

See page 667

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN JAPAN

WE gave last week some account of Nikko, where their Royal Highnesses spent a considerable portion of their time in Japan. Unfortunately the weather was not at all favourable during their

stay. An exceptionally inclement spring brought such a succession of wet days that only once during a whole month was Fujiyama visible; so the Royal travellers, instead of carrying away the recollection of an exquisite country clad in blossom and bathed in soft haze, will remember only blurred landscapes, drifting mists, and perpetual damp. The Japanese were rather disappointed that there was not more state about the visit, and that the Duke and Duchess stayed at ordinary hotels in Nikko and Kioto; but were greatly pleased at the affability everywhere shown by the Royal visitors in all their dealings with the people.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, Tokio, Japan.

WRESTLING IN JAPAN

THE wrestling in Japan (says Mr. Savage Landor, to whom we are also indebted for this sketch) is a sight worth seeing. Instead of being trained down until nothing is left but bone and muscle, Japanese wrestlers are fat and flabby, with overhanging paunches, and during a contest are naked, with the exception of a sort of belt, generally of blue silk, from which numerous strings depend. The arena is a small hillock about twenty feet in diameter and two high, and is built of sand, sawdust, and sods, surrounded by a straw saucisse. When the wrestlers enter the ring they squat upon their haunches and await the coming of the umpire. When he appears—dressed up in the height of Japanese fashion—the wrestlers throw their bodies forward, rest upon their fingers and toes until the signal for combat is given, then they tackle one another just as the wrestlers did in Greek and Roman matches, and observing all the legal grips and positions. However, a throw is not necessary to win, but one of the combatants must be pushed outside the ring, and then the umpire drops his fan and declares the victor, who must fight others until he is conquered himself or comes out at the end "the champion of the day." After the last contest is over, all the wrestlers appear again in the ring, and this time each one with the addition of a beautiful silk apron, covered with gold or silver embroidery. The crowd of spectators, who squat all round the ring on mats or on some of the shaky stands built for the occasion, does not often get excited; but, at the end of some good contest, showers of oranges, apples, and hats are thrown into the ring and are collected with avidity by the umpire, who has, of course, to give back the hats to their respective proprietors, but keeps the oranges and mandarins, and does some rather good business in the fruit line the next day. These matches are usually held in the open air, and last about eight hours.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 665.

HISTORICAL ASPECTS OF HAMPTON COURT

See page 668

THE ADMIRALTY BOARD

See page 672

CRICKET AT MOULSEY HURST

RICHARD WILSON, R.A., the painter of this picture, was the son of a Welsh parson, and was born in 1714. He early showed a taste for drawing, and was brought by a rich kinsman to London, and placed under an obscure portrait-painter. But his taste was for landscape, and in 1750, having saved enough money, he paid a visit to Italy, where he stayed for some years. When the Royal Academy was founded in 1768 he was one of the original members, but, in spite of this, his pictures did not sell, and he was reduced to sore straits. However, he was cheered by the society of some staunch friends, one of whom was Garrick, for whom this picture was originally painted. The actor would sometimes drop into supper, and send for a bottle of wine to replace the pot of porter which "red-nosed Wilson," as "Peter Pindar" called him, affected. Wilson's chief fault was that he Italianised his landscapes, sometimes out of all recognition. This tendency will be observed even in the picture of such an essentially English scene as that we engrave. Cricket was quite in its infancy at this time. Even the famous Hambledon Club was not yet founded. The picture now has a fitting home at Lord's, not far from the case containing those wonderful instruments, rather resembling clubs than bats, which were in use at the time.

"THE SUPREME MOMENT"

"COME, is the bride ready to go to church?" There need be no hesitation in this case in answering Mr. Shakespeare's question in the affirmative. The bride is ready. Her face, with its look of quiet happiness, says as plainly as possible that she is going to church to be married to the man of her heart. A lucky fellow he is, too, to get such a sweetly-pretty bride as Mr. Brewtnall has depicted. It seems a shame to put on the veil which will, for a time at least, hide those charms from view. Every one looks happy, from the bridesmaid who is putting the finishing touch to the bride's apparel before donning her hat, to Mamma and the governess in the background, who are regarding with such loving admiration their favourite, so soon to be taken away from them. Depend upon it, marriage will not be a failure in this instance.

BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY MEDALS

See page 675.

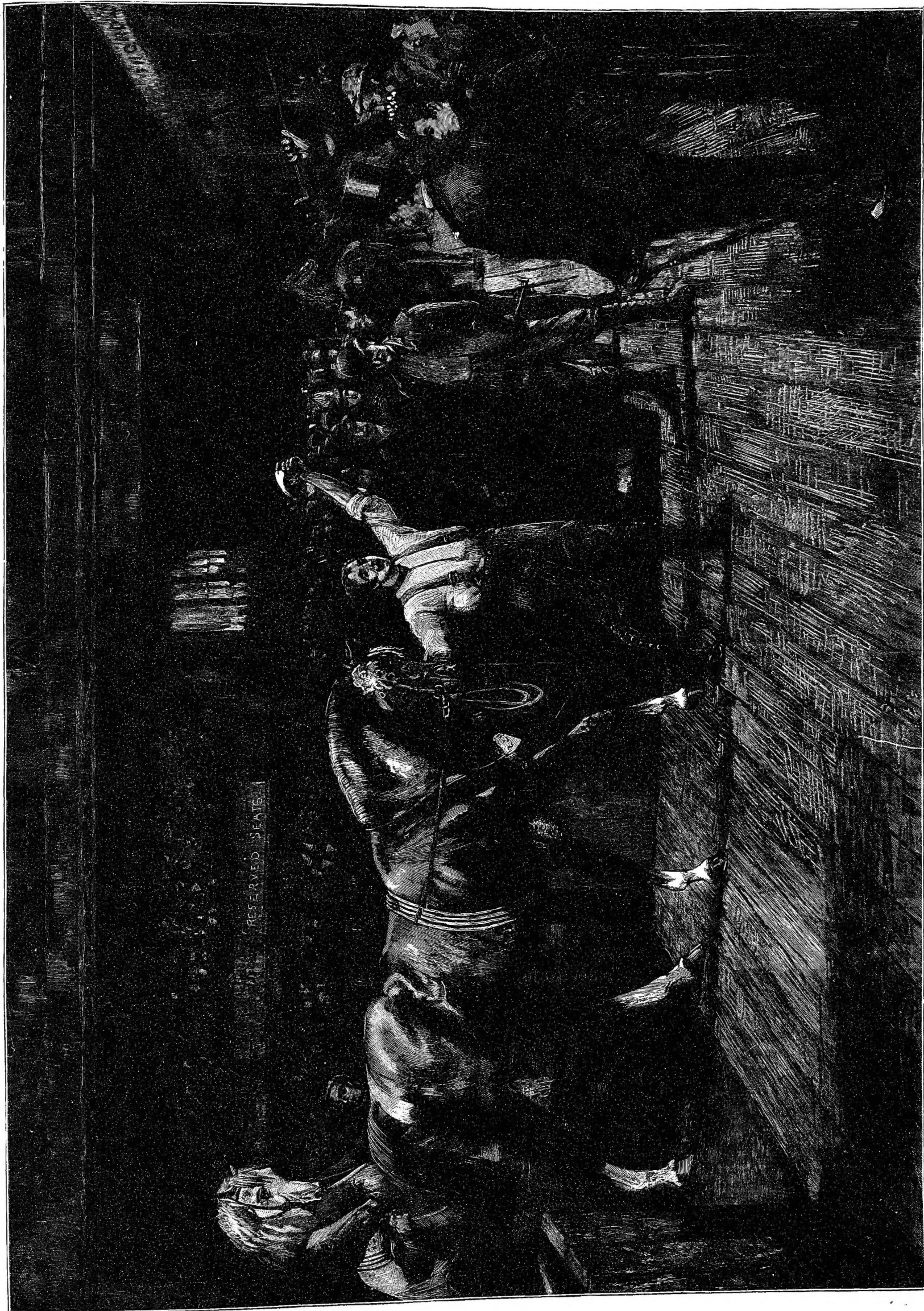


A CONSIDERABLE section of the Welsh Liberationists, believers in the advent of Mr. Gladstone to office after the next General Election have formulated, in what is known as the Rhyl Resolution, a demand that no Home Rule Bill for Ireland shall be introduced unless it is accompanied by a measure for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. Mr. Gladstone, having been consulted on the subject, has condemned the Rhyl Resolution as very unwise. A measure to disestablish the Welsh Church would, he said, be very complicated, much more complicated than one of Scotch Disestablishment. The Welsh Church, he added, is part of the Church of England, and Welsh Sees are all in the Province of Canterbury, a fact which suggests possibilities of vast complications. It remains to be seen how this deliverance will satisfy the Welsh Liberationist who insists on reciprocity, and confronts Mr. Gladstone with one of Prince Bismarck's favourite sayings, "Do ut des."

A MOST interesting recent incident is the great academic triumph achieved by Miss Philippa Fawcett, of Newnham, who is a daughter of the late Postmaster-General, and who occupies in the new list of the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos a unique place, above that of the Senior Wrangler himself. It is only three years since another young lady, Miss Ramsay, now wife of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, was adjudged Senior Classic, a victory crowned by that of Miss Fawcett, whose success is all the more welcome from the honour in which the memory of her father is held, and from the laurels which her mother had won in a public career of unostentatious



A TEMPORARY MISUNDERSTANDING, WHICH ALL ENDED IN SMOKE

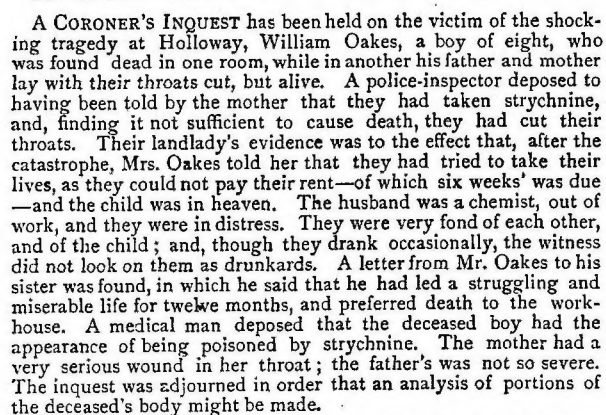


AT THE HORSE SHOW—LOADED WITH HONOURS

MR. H. M. STANLEY has been visiting the Modern Athens, where he has twice addressed the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, which presented him with its gold medal; and he has also made a speech on receiving from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In his addresses to the Society he spoke with perhaps a pardonable asperity of the conduct of the rescued Emin Pasha. On the second of these occasions the chairman was the Marquis of Lorne, who, referring to the German-African question, expressed a hope that the Government would be firm, and that we would be enabled to possess that portion of the Dark Continent which was justly our due, from the efforts of our missionaries and pioneers and the money which we have already expended on them. He hoped, for instance, that the land on the map to the west of Victoria Nyanza would in future be seen with a portion coloured red, and that the ways to it would be freely opened. We ought not, he thought, to be satisfied with anything less.

TO PROMOTE A GENERAL FORMATION OF THE JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES known as Bands of Hope, was the aim of two morning and evening conferences held in London on Tuesday, presided over by the Bishop of London and the Duke of Westminster respectively. Among the speakers at the earlier meeting was the Chairman of the London School Board, Mr. (no longer the Rev.) J. R. Diggle, who said, that as a result of special teaching in the London Board Schools, some eight out of every twelve children in them were now members of Bands of Hope.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her twenty-eighth year, at Lahore, of Miss Emma B. Davidson, of the Church of England Zenana Society, and daughter of Major-General Davidson; in his eighty-first year, of the Rev. Edward Harland, Vicar of Colwick, and Prebendary of Lichfield; in or about his seventy-second year, of Mr. Josiah Goodwin, from 1859 until his death editor of the *Journal of the Bath and West of England Society*, to which he was appointed Secretary in 1886; in her sixty-ninth year, of the Marchioness of Ely, until last year a Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty, who entertained a sincere friendship for her; in his sixty-fifth year, of the Very Rev. John Oakley, Dean of Manchester, author of several theological works, and a strong believer in "music for the people;" in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. Hugh Symington, the railway contractor, who was employed by all the Scotch Railway Companies, the Glasgow and Greenock Corporations, &c.; in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. George Kent, well known as the inventor of knife-cleaning machines and other labour-saving appliances for domestic use; and of Mr. Charles Green Spencer, who was head of the well-known firm of aeronauts Charles Green Spencer and Son, and was one of Mr. Coxwell's assistants in some of his memorable journeys.



THE TREASURY has decided to treat as illegal under the Lottery Act the practice of many newspapers and periodicals which announce money prizes as the rewards of successful guesses, &c. A test case has been presented for adjudication to Sir John Bridge at Bow Street. The defendant is the proprietor of the well-known periodical, *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday*, in which it had been announced that 1,000*l.* might be won by any reader who should cut out a paragraph weekly, and forward them to the office on November 26th. The hearing is fixed for Monday next.

THE "HAWK" has been the defendant in an action for libel brought by Captain Heath, the patentee of a military invention,

and promoter of the Miniature Target and Range Company (Limited), formed to work it. His invention had been publicly denounced as an infringement of the patent of a Tube and Ammunition Company, called after its promoter, a Mr. Morris. The *Hawk* took this view, and called the plaintiff's "an unblushingly rotten scheme," among other amenities. In summing up Mr. Justice Grantham said there was no evidence to prove that the editor of the *Hawk* had been actuated by any malicious motive to insert the libel. The jury, he said, would probably think that the libel was written, or, at least inspired by Morris, and that he had used the *Hawk* to crush a rival company. It appeared to him that there were substantial differences between the models of the respective inventions of the plaintiff and the defendant. The jury having given a verdict for the plaintiff with 750*l.* damages, a stay of execution for fourteen days was granted, to give time for appeal.

BANGKOK is one of the strangest cities in the world. In describing it, comparison can be made with no other place, for it is unique in its singularity, both in situation, appearance, and inhabitants. Imagine a broad, winding, muddy-coloured river, along both shores of which, for a distance of six or seven miles, are extended brown thatched wooden houses, floating on pontoons, or layers of bamboos, and fastened to stakes to prevent their swimming away with the current. The dense green jungle rises up behind, and at intervals appear the warehouses and residences of European merchants, the various Legations and Consulates, with proudly-flying flags, the few handsome buildings which are the result of modern Siamese progress—the Custom House, the Oriental Hotel, the Post and Telegraph Office, the Royal High School—standing out in that glistering whiteness with their lofty proportions in striking contrast to the low, odd-looking huts beside them.

Ascending in the cool of the morning the tower of Wat Cheng, which is regarded as one of the finest of Siamese pagodas, a brilliant panorama is spread before the gaze. The majestic Meinam, bearing on its wide bosom an ever-moving variety of the most curious craft in all the Eastern seas, is seen winding and rolling along its voluminous waters till lost in the misty distance. The rows of brown floating houses seem like fringes to the waving sea of palms and thick impenetrable jungle, which extends far away to the horizon; the rice fields, open spaces, and even the walled-in portion of the city, with the exception of the Palace buildings, being lost to view in this ocean of verdure. Pagoda-like towers shoot up here and there, their gilded spires reflecting back the rays of the rising sun, and red-tiled roofs of temples loom above the surrounding wealth of green. The scene is not awe-inspiring or grandly picturesque, but there is a singular charm of quaintness about the whole picture which would require the canvas of an artist to do justice to it.

But indescribable as are the impressions which the appearance of Bangkok from a distance produces upon the onlooker, still more peculiar are his feelings as he is conveyed about by boat, and comes to closer quarters with the semi-aquatic inhabitants. The whole river is in the state of the greatest animation ; the air is alive with the boom of innumerable insects, while from the shores are heard the distant and confused sound of grinding and squealing teak saw-mills, the rushing steam and clanking wheels of rice-mills, whose grimy chimneys form the only dark spot in the ethereal blue of the tropical sky, the barking of "pariah" dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the hoarse cawing of countless crows. Add to this the weird and melancholy cries of native hawkers in their canoes, the simultaneous groaning and chanting of bands of yellow-skinned Chinese at their work, and the murmur of far-off voices haggling and vociferating round a floating market-place, and a faint idea is obtained of the multifarious sounds of life and activity which assail the ear in this great Easter Bazaar.

The eye is dazzled, too, by the number and variety of strange objects which pass rapidly before the gaze, and disappear as if in a kaleidoscope.

The surface of the water is unceasingly ploughed and ruffled by vessels of every imaginable shape and description, the majority of them hurrying along as if the feverish and mercenary spirit of the Old World had at last penetrated thus far East. How swiftly the little Siamese canoes are sent spinning along, under the deft blows of the small, single paddles, the water just lapping the edge, and the active paddler balancing himself, tailor-fashion, in the centre. The women and children are quite as dexterous in this art of locomotion as the men, or it might be said, more so, as the floating-shops of fruit and provisions are usually propelled by a picturesque young or old lady, in a wide basin-shaped hat, and often innocent of covering above the waist, with the exception of a string passed round the shoulder to ward off evil luck.

On the larger rice-boats may be seen an entire Siamese family, household furniture and utensils in a space which a European would not consider sufficient for sitting room. The husband stands rowing in front, and the woman behind, while her maternal eye watches the brown grinning infant at her feet, and the rice which is boiling in a little pot for the family breakfast.

Huge cargo-boats are labouring along, impelled by a ragged sail, and two or three half-naked dirty Chinamen pulling at the long oars with slow and ponderous stroke, and should the inquisitive stranger pass closely alongside, his nose will be greeted by a whiff of that fearful and indescribable odour which seems inseparable from the heathen Chinese.

In the early morning hours yellow-robed priests, with shaven head and eyebrows, are seen flitting about from house to house. In front of them is a rice-pot, carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze, into which pious-minded individuals put handfuls of rice, dried fish, and fruit, which the priest receives stolid and immoveable, without a word of salutation or thanks.

It would take a volume, however, to describe all the varieties of vessels that are found here—the rude Chinese junks, the native boats for hire, propelled by one solitary upright figure in the stern, the comfortable house-boats for travelling, the three-masted barques from Europe, the snorting, puffing, restless little steam launches, hurrying from place to place with white-coated Europeans, sleek, imperturbable Chinamen, or loaded with a crowd of native passengers, Siamese gunboats, with a white elephant on red ground flying as pendant, and the trim, elegant Singapore steamers.

Equally impossible is it to describe in limited space the wonderful variety of costumes and races which are ever cruising over the bosom of this cosmopolitan river—the money-grubbing ubiquitous Chinaman, with wide flapping trousers and long pig-tail, grave and sedate Hindoos, clothed in pure white, surmounted by a small red cap, Peguans with long black hair and lanky figure, muscular Shans with tattooed limbs, dirty-looking Burmese in highly-coloured turbans and “sarongs”—representatives, in fact, of all the nations of South-Eastern Asia. The Siamese themselves are the most pleasant of all these races. The men have high intelligent foreheads, slight moustache, and coal-black hair, while the well-proportioned limbs and voluptuously-developed bosoms of the women are set off to advantage by their light dress, consisting of a coloured cloth around the lower part of the body, and a gay scarf around the breast. With short-cut dark hair, olive complexion, and ever-lauding, amiable, happy countenances they offer a pleasing picture as they sit in front of their rocking houses caressing and anointing their dusky little cherubs, or bathing and playing with them in the flowing stream of the “Mother of Waters.”

Not less scenic are the effects when night falls over this busy mart. The twinkling lights shine out as far as the eye can see, the canoes, with lantern in front, appear and disappear in the darkness, while the piercing cry of the floating hawk comes across the black moving waters more like the wail of a despairing soul from the Stygian depths than the voice of a human being. At intervals along the shore the trees momentarily flash out in startling brilliance, every branch to the outermost twig blazing in electric light; as the myriads of fireflies simultaneously emit their soft and luminous radiance. The spectator then realises the truth of what he perhaps regarded once as only a traveller's tale or a poet's fancy, and recalls to mind the lines of Thomson :—

FEW, since the days of "Clarissa," have been the successors of stories told in the form of letters; and it is therefore to give the higher praise to C. F. Keary's "A Mariage de Convenance" (2 vols.: Fisher Unwin) to say that it must be unquestionably included among those few. There are but two correspondents—a man and a woman, who, with a remarkable strength and pathos, and a still more remarkable freedom from monotony, describe to their respective confidants the one tragedy of their two lives. The reader will find it exceedingly interesting to observe, in the case of the man's letters, the gradual change in his character without any corresponding change in his characteristics—an altogether notable and by no means obvious example of truth to Nature. While his original brightness and *insouciance* become transformed by fatal degrees into morbid cynicism, he unconsciously clings to his peculiarities of style and expression in a way that, absolutely true as it is, is a novelty in the matter of artistic insight, and is one of the most pathetic points in the novel. The situations are dramatic, despite all the disadvantages, from that point of view, of the epistolary method of narration. No doubt the tragic close was inevitable; yet it is impossible not to wish it could have been otherwise. The work is altogether too sombre—indeed, too consistently painful; and, as the impression it leaves upon the mind is certain to be lasting, persons who find quite enough painful realities in life, without going to fiction for more, may as well receive a warning beforehand of what to expect. The very painfulness of the story, however—about which, by the way, there is nothing unwholesome—is among the proofs of its power. Altogether it must be regarded as a novel of exceptional distinction.

be regarded as a novel of exceptional distinction. "Little Miss Colwyn," by Adeline Sergeant (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is likely to be popular; and that deservedly so. The popularity may be regarded as ensured by the commonplace lines on which the story is based; while the merit is conspicuous in the unusual cleverness with which those lines are treated. The managing mother, for example, is anything but a new *persona* in fiction; but very few managing mothers, either in fiction or out of it, have risen so near the sublimity of domestic management as Lady Caroline Adair. She extorts the almost sympathetic admiration which is the tribute that must be paid to perfection of any sort, however unwillingly. The situations are well planned, and on the whole effectively worked out, though the planning is sometimes better than the execution; and some of them have the now unusual piquancy of surprises. Nothing more can well be said without injuring the pleasure of the perusal; and if the *jeune premier* is something too much of a woman's hero, in whom weakness is mistaken for strength, there is none of the ordinary weakness of the lady novelist about the writing, which is so good as to afford a separate pleasure of its own, apart from the story.

"The Firm of Girdlestone: a Romance of the Unromantic" (1 vol.; Chatto and Windus), contains some capital character sketches and exciting incidents; but taken altogether it is by no means up to the mark in fiction which we have learned, from "Micah Clarke" and other works of high quality, to associate with the name of Mr. Conan Doyle. One reason for this inferiority is unquestionably to be found in certain signs of hurried workmanship, especially in the latter portion. The humorous element is distinctly superior to the romantic; and Major Clutterbuck, especially, an Irish adventurer of a not altogether unfamiliar type, with his Münchhausen-like genius, is worth all the serious adventures put together. The plot, which turns on a "corner" in African diamonds, has some original points; and it is by no means unlikely that "The Firm of Girdlestone" may delight many to whom better work would be *caviare*.

People who think there cannot be too much about gold in a story will modify their opinion on reaching the end of the second volume of "The Miner's Right," by Rolf Boldrewood (3 vols. : Macmillan and Co.). The author of "Robbery Under Arms" undertakes to describe the earlier period of the Australian gold fever; he does so from a sympathetic standpoint, and with the view of removing a number of delusions concerning the general character and conduct of the gold-diggers; but it must be owned that his picture of thousands of human beings ostentatiously given over to the whole passion of greed will be found by many rather sickening. After two volumes of this, comprising several clear expositions of mining law, illustrated by complete cases, the novel runs off into a romance of murder and jealousy, and concludes with a happy *dénouement* in seven long chapters which would have more effectively occupied a couple of pages. Altogether, Rolf Boldrewood is a great deal too long-winded. But his pictures have very evidently the merits due to personal knowledge and accurate observation; and his portraits—except in the case of his villains, who belong to conventional melodrama—have all the effect of reality, though the amount of personal interest they excite is but small.

Lady Carmarthen's novel, "*A Lover of the Beautiful, a Study*" (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), is based upon a suggestive and poetical idea—a sort of reading backwards of the story of Pygmalion. Instead of, by the power of human love, calling a statue to life, the painter of mere genius, Guido, reduces the exceedingly human Amore into a sort of statue. The style of the novel is somewhat Bulweresque and old-fashioned; but it is appropriate—perhaps the most appropriate that could have been chosen. The study was well worth making, and its literary merits are unquestionable. "*A Lover of the Beautiful*" altogether belongs to a higher order of fiction than can be produced in a hurry.

THE ARMY JUBILEE GIFT TO THE QUEEN is now on view in the Battle Gallery of the Royal Military Exhibition.

BIG BEN keeps remarkably good time. The great Westminster clock was perfectly exact on over one-third of the days of the past year, while on 42 per cent. it was one second wrong, on 18 per cent. two seconds, and on three days three seconds—the utmost variation.

THE ANNUAL ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT in aid of the Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers takes place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from the 18th to the 28th inst. This is the eleventh year of the Tournament, which will include competitions in tent-pegging, tilting at the ring, bayonet-exercise, fencing, riding, and jumping, besides displays by a combined force of all arms, a cavalry *mêlée*, and a Musical Ride by the First Life Guards.



THE TURF.—The weather at Epsom improved after the Derby Day, and so did the sport. The Grand Prize on the Thursday brought out seven runners. St. Serf was made favourite, and, by a clever piece of riding on the part of T. Loates, was enabled to justify expectations, and win the race for the Duke of Portland. His Grace was again in luck next day, when Memoir won for him his first Oaks. The Duke, who made no declaration, was also represented by Semolina, and she made the pace so hot that the race was run in the best time on record. Signorina, who has not yet recovered her strength, was second. As a set off to these successes, however, Donovan has broken down badly in an exercise-gallop. Other events to be noted were the great Surrey Breeders' Foal Stakes, secured by Baron Rothschild's Mardi Gras, the Acorn Stakes, won by Baron de Hirsch's Romanée, and the Glasgow Plate, which Lady Yarmouth placed to the credit of Colonel North—his fifth victory during the week.

The gallant Colonel's luck was not exhausted, however, for on Tuesday last, at Brighton, he carried off the Sussex Plate, again by the aid of Lady Yarmouth, and the Bevedean Two-Year-Old Stakes with Nitrate Queen.—At Auteuil, on Saturday, Lord Dudley's Royal Meath carried off the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, much to the disgust of the Frenchmen.—For the Royal Hunt Cup, to be run on Wednesday at Ascot, The Imp was favourite at time of writing; while for the St. Leger Surefoot has been backed at 7 to 2.

CRICKET.—Cambridge University did a good performance against the Australians last week when, going in for the second time in a minority of 162, they ran up 357. Mr. E. C. Streatfield being the chief contributor with a plucky (and lucky) 74 (not out). Murdoch made 73 for the Colonists. The match was drawn.—The Cornstalks' encounter with Middlesex (fresh from a victory over Gloucestershire) was a case of the tail wagging the head, their last two wickets in each innings doing nearly all the scoring.—Good batting (Lockwood 168, Mr. W. E. Roller 120) enabled Surrey to beat Leicestershire; while Lohmann's wonderful bowling (thirteen wickets for 54 runs) was the chief factor in their defeat of Lancashire.—Kent, after just managing to draw with Notts, succumbed to Yorkshire, who also beat Staffordshire, while Notts defeated Sussex.—At Oxford the Eleven were defeated by the Next Sixteen, for whom R. T. Jones put together 123.

ROWING.—The May Races at Cambridge resulted in Trinity Hall going head, as, after a tremendous struggle, they bumped Third Trinity on Monday night. One of the Hall men was incapacitated by his exertions. The boat managed, however, to maintain its position easily enough on the following nights.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The 1st (Royal) Dragoons were badly beaten at polo by the Sussex Club at Hurlingham last week, but against Derbyshire did better, and made a draw of it. At Ranelagh the Royal Horse Guards and Middlesex also played a draw.—Cyclists may be interested to hear that Messrs. J. K. Starley and Co., Melton Works, West Orchard, Coventry, have published in convenient form a table showing the times at which they should light their lamps from the 1st of March to the 30th of September.



IN THE PARISH OF BURNHAM THORPE, NORFOLK, Lord Nelson, the Laureate's "greatest sailor since the world began," spent his younger days, and of its church his father was Rector for forty-six years. A movement for the restoration of the church as a tribute to the memory of its hero is being promoted by the Prince of Wales, who presided on Monday at a meeting of a very influential Committee, appointed to carry out the scheme. The restoration is to be effected by Sir A. Blomfield, the architect of the Church House. The subscriptions, amounting to 1,750*l.*, announced on Monday, included 1,000*l.* guaranteed by the family of the present Rector, Mr. Lister Knight. The following banking firms have consented to receive subscriptions:—Messrs. Gurney and Co., Hallett and Co., Sir E. Lacon and Co., Stillwell and Sons, and Woodhead and Co.

THE CURRENT STATEMENTS as to the impending resignation of the Bishop of Norwich are, according to the *Record*, wholly without authority.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SILVER JUBILEE.—On Sunday last, when Cardinal Manning completed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration to the Roman Catholic Archbishopric of Westminster, he was presented with a beautifully illuminated address of congratulation and eulogium, and a sum of between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*, which has been subscribed by all classes at home, and which is to be devoted to diminishing the debt on his Pro-Cathedral. The presentation was made by Lord Ripon, who in the course of his address spoke of the pride with which he and other Catholics regarded the course which the Cardinal had taken in respect to popular, and especially social questions in this country. The Cardinal returned thanks in an appropriate address.—The Lord Mayor, speaking at a dinner of the Corporation Committee, referred to the charge that he had compromised the dignity of his office by having happened to affix his signature to a memorial below that of Cardinal Manning. He pointed out that when the Cardinal in 1884 was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, Mr. Gladstone, with the full consent of Lord Salisbury, advised the Queen to place the Cardinal's name immediately after that of the Prince of Wales, and before that of the present Premier.

FOR THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND 5,000*l.* was received on Monday at the Mansion House. The largest amount contributed by any one place of worship was 1,105*l.* from St. Michael's, Chester Square; followed, though at a great distance, by St. Paul's Cathedral with 213*l.*, and by the Temple Church with 210*l.* About another 5,000*l.* was received on Tuesday, the principal contributions being 277*l.* from St. Nicholas's, Chislehurst, and St. John's Mission, 235*l.* from Holy Trinity, Chelsea. 219*l.* from St. Mark's, North Audley Street, 195*l.* from Westminster Abbey, 187*l.* from St. Margaret's, Westminster, and 104*l.* from the Blackheath Congregational Church.

THE REV. HENRY B. SWETE, D.D., Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London, and editor of the "Septuagint," published by the Cambridge University Press, has been elected by the Council of the Cambridge Senate to succeed the new Bishop of Durham in the Regius Professorship of Divinity, the stipend attached to which is about 2,000*l.* a year.

LORD MILLTOWN

WE briefly recorded last week the death of this nobleman. He was born in 1835, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1862. In April, 1871, he succeeded his brother as sixth Earl, and in October of that year married Lady Geraldine Evelyn Stanhope, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Leicester, fifth Earl of Harrington. In 1881 he was elected one of the Irish Representative Peers, and last year was appointed an Honorary Commissioner in Lunacy. He was also a



EDWARD NUGENT LEESON, SIXTH EARL OF MILLTOWN
Born October 9, 1835. Died May 31, 1890

Knight of St. Patrick, and a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. To the public he was best known as the author of the Flogging of Burglars Bill, which passed in the House of Lords last year, but was dropped in the Commons. The late Earl is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Henry Leeson.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

THE LATE MR. MATT. MORGAN

A CABLEGRAM from New York announces the death of this able artist, who gained some few years ago much popularity in this country, and lately achieved a similar fame in New York.

As early as 1861 Matt. Morgan's powers as a cartoonist came before the public in *Fun*, and later on the *Tomahawk* was the means of keeping him before the public—his vigorous and powerful drawings causing him then as now to be an acknowledged artist of much skill.

In this country Matt. Morgan's pictures of "Rotten Row" and



THE LATE MR. MATT. MORGAN

"Behind the Scenes" are still well remembered, while his studies from Algiers and Spain, and also the School of Musketry at Hythe, deservedly gained him popularity.

Matthew Somerville Morgan had no connection with the town of Birmingham, as has been erroneously stated, but was born in London, and came of an artistic family, his late uncle John Lucas being an artist of great merit, while that branch of the family is still before us in Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., and Arthur Lucas, the Art publisher.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease. Last week the deaths numbered 1,393, being a decline of 18, and at the rate of 164 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 229 (a fall of 30, and 18 below the average), while not one was recorded from influenza, for the first week since the epidemic began. There were 91 deaths from measles (an increase of 8), 75 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 3), 20 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 11 from scarlet fever (a fall of 3), 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 2), 7 from enteric fever (an advance of 4), and 1 apiece from an ill-defined form of fever, cholera and typhus. Different forms of violence produced 50 fatalities, including 12 suicides. There were 2,309 births registered—a rise of 308.



NEW SOUTH WALES will shortly introduce penny postage throughout the colony.

HYPNOTISING A HEN is the latest effort of mesmeric science. As the fowl was disinclined to sit, her owner hypnotised her daily, with the result that she hatched four fine chickens.

PRINCESS LOUISE is now modelling a statue of the Queen as a young girl, intended for the Kensington people as a memorial of Her Majesty's residence in the district during her early life.

THE COMING JAMAICA EXHIBITION will receive numerous contributions from the Queen, including some valuable pictures from the Royal Collection. Parliament, also, will be asked to grant 1,000*l.* to support the Exhibition.

MILITARY MUSIC IN GERMANY is to be reformed. The Prussian Minister of War intends to suppress all foreign terms in the music supplied to the army—such expressions as "crescendo," "piano," &c., being replaced by their German equivalents. Further, the music must be printed on a staff of six lines instead of the five at present in use, so that the bandsmen may read it more easily.

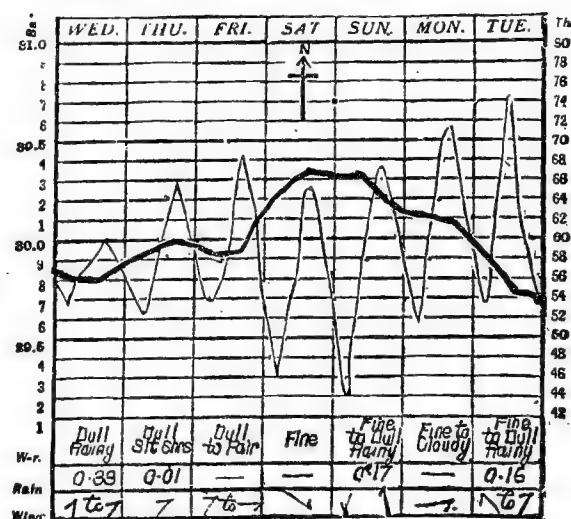
DISTRACTED PARENTS who lose their children in the crowds at public resorts on Bank Holidays would be glad if a curious Berlin custom were imported to London. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens, any keeper finding a lost child, takes the little one in charge and blows a trumpet. Hearing the note, the mother or father in search of the missing youngster at once makes for the spot, and the search is ended.

THE PARIS SALON IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE has reopened after a week's recess to rehang the pictures and decide on the distribution of rewards. The jury are much more generous this year than usual in the number of rewards and honourable mentions, possibly in hopes of contrasting with the rival display at the Champ de Mars, which grants no distinctions whatever. For the first time a landscape painter wins the highest prize, the Grand Medal of Honour being awarded to M. François for his paintings of "A Misty Morning Near Paris" and "View of the River Sèvre at Clisson." M. François is seventy-six years old, and studied under Corot. The well-known Belgian painter, M. Jan van Beers, is furious at receiving only a third-class medal, and declines the honour, writing to the President of the Salon that, as his pictures are to be found in the museums at Madrid, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, he values the opinion of his contemporaries above the Salon reward.

ALPINE TOURISTS will find several new railway routes organised in time for the season. A line from Interlaken to Grindelwald opens on July 1st, when also the Visp-Zermatt railway will extend as far as Stalden, reaching St. Niklaus, twelve miles from Zermatt, by August 1st. Besides the much-talked-of Jungfrau line, plans have been made for a railway from Göschenen to Andermatt on the St. Gothard, and from Brienz up the Rothorn. The Monte Generoso line, which was opened last week, runs from Capo di Lago, on the Lake of Lugano, to the very summit of the mountain, 5,560 feet, and is about six miles long, with a gradient varying from 20 to 22 in a hundred. The Abt system is used. Speaking of the mountains, several fatal accidents have occurred already, though the season for ascents has scarcely begun. A Munich tourist was killed last week by a fall on the Watzmann, in the Bavarian Alps, near the Königsee; a similar fate befell the young son of a Kemp ten merchant on the Gottesackerwände in the Allgäu; a Vienna artist was fatally injured by falling from the Spitzlberg, near the Furca Pass; and another Viennese slipped down a ladder on the steep side of the Rax, near Nasswald, and fractured his skull.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1890



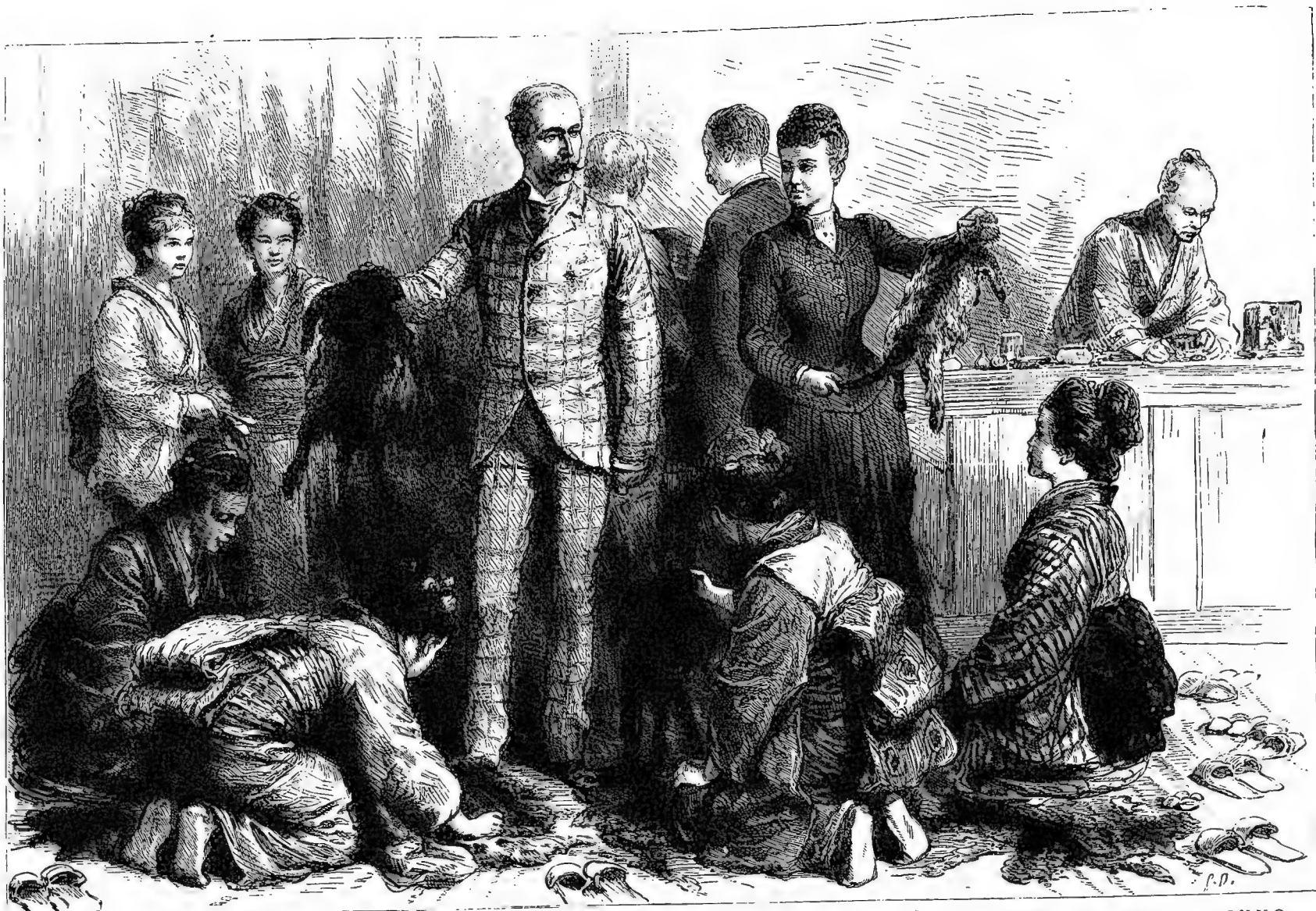
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (10th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been rather dull and showery or rainy in most parts of the United Kingdom. Temperatures were somewhat low at first, but showed some improvement as the week progressed. Pressure distribution over our Islands during the early part of the time was of a cyclonic character, the lowest readings being found over the Northern portions of the United Kingdom, and the highest over Austria or France. Southerly to Westerly breezes (finally veering to the Northward in the West) were experienced in most places, with dull, rainy, and somewhat cool weather generally. The largest daily amounts of rainfall were measured on Thursday 5th inst. on the South Coast of England, when nearly an inch was recorded, and on Friday (6th inst.) on the West Coast of Ireland, when nearly three-quarters of an inch was registered. By Saturday (7th inst.) a decided change in the distribution of pressure was shown over our Islands, the lowest readings being then found in the neighbourhood of Norway and Denmark, while an anticyclone stretched from the West of France to the North of Ireland. This latter system subsequently moved away in an Easterly and Southerly direction as a depression approached our West Coasts from the Westward. The winds now again drew into the Southward (South-East to South-West) very generally, and rain fell for a time in most parts of the country. Quite at the close of the week changeable conditions, with a little rain in the West and North, were very prevalent, and thunder was reported from Aberdeen and Jersey. The highest temperatures, which were registered on different dates, were 70° over Central England, 72° in the East of England, and 71° in London. In the extreme North and North-East of Scotland the thermometer only once rose above 60°. The lowest readings fell below 40° at some of the extreme Northern Stations.

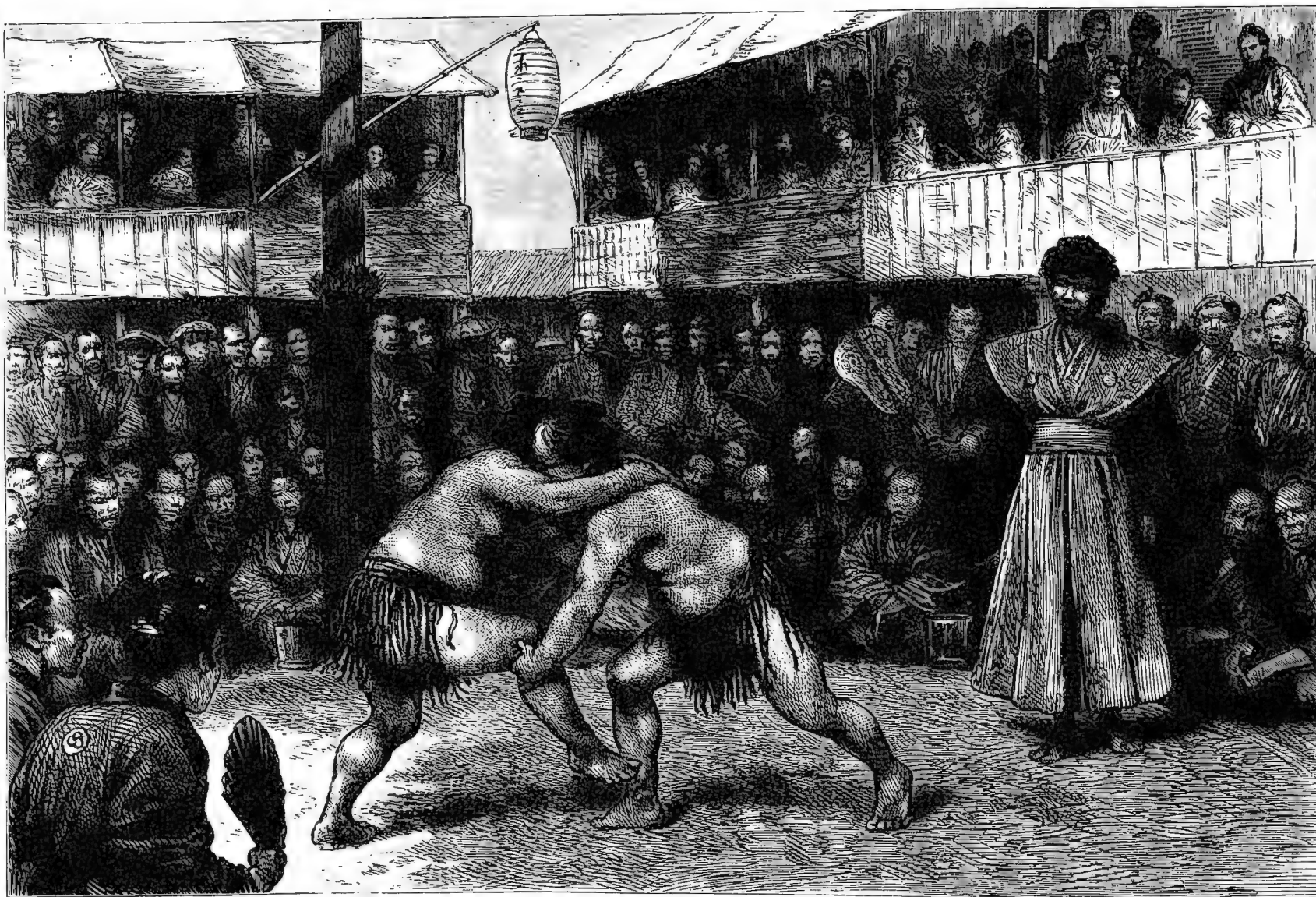
The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on Saturday (7th inst.); lowest (29.69 inches) on Tuesday (10th inst.); range 0.63 inch.

The temperature was highest (74°) on Tuesday (10th inst.); lowest (44°) on Sunday (8th inst.); range 30°.

Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.67 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.39 inch on Wednesday (4th inst.)



WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN JAPAN—THE DUKE BUYING FURS AT NIKKO



SPORTS IN JAPAN—A WRESTLING MATCH



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

"Leave my house!"

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT the meeting which Zephany had arranged between Mr. Rushmere and young Tomline, Rushmere had so far taken them both into his confidence as to reveal what Tomline afterwards wrote to Lady Charlotte.

He had not mentioned the name of Madame Leroux, of whom Tomline had no personal knowledge; nor had he hinted at his own vital interest in the matter. To the young surgeon he had said that the date of Miss Lucy Smith's birth, and one or two other circumstances, coincided with information imparted to him by a friend; allowing it to be inferred that there had been a clandestine marriage kept secret for weighty family reasons, and adding that he believed himself to be on the track of discovering Miss Smith's real parentage.

To Zephany, directly, he made no statement. Zephany sat by, smoking his interminable cigarettes, and looking gravely on with his luminous black eyes, for the most part in silence; merely putting in, now and then, some brief, elucidatory word, to assist Edgar Tomline's slower perceptions. But Rushmere felt that Zephany had penetrated his secret; that, at any rate, he was not deceived as to the fact that Rushmere was personally interested in these inquiries.

But Zephany could be trusted not to open his lips. He seemed able to infuse into his silence the same fiery earnestness and resolute force which characterised his speech. It was at his sug-

gestion that the letter to Lady Charlotte had been written. He argued that even supposing Lady Charlotte did not choose to reply to it, she would probably know where the lady named Graham was to be found, if she were still in existence (this clause for Edgar Tomline's benefit; since, in his own mind, Zephany had already identified Caroline Graham with Caroline Leroux), and might communicate the contents of the letter to her, and perhaps induce her to speak for herself. Tomline readily undertook to write the letter, in which, as has been seen, no allusion was made which could connect Lucy with the inquiries now set on foot.

Rushmere was strangely restless during those days; walking more than ever, and unable to occupy himself in any sedentary employment for half an hour at a time. But Zephany observed that the expression of his face had become less haggard, and that he often smiled to himself with melancholy tenderness, as though he were looking at something lovely and pathetic.

And Caroline?

She was greatly worn and tried by Etienne's ceaseless demands on her. He had grown rapidly weaker of late. But with his increasing weakness, a new hopefulness about his own condition had kept pace. He was constantly devising plans, impossible to be carried out, of making a journey. He would go to the Italian Lakes—Como was delightful in May; or to Trouville, or Biarritz; and finally he set his mind on going to Monte Carlo.

His wife vainly represented to him that he was unfit to travel. He would answer, with feeble petulance, that he best knew how he

felt; that Caroline always threw cold water on every scheme for his gratification; that she grudged every *sou* that he spent, and yet he had lavished money on *her* when he was able to earn it; and he would end by an outbreak of oaths and abuse which exhausted him; or by bursting into maudlin tears, and swearing that she wanted to hasten his death.

Either manifestation was inexpressibly painful to Caroline, although she knew that all Etienne's emotion, whether fierce or plaintive, was partially assumed. For he acted *himself* as it were—exaggerating the points he thought likely to move her. But she knew also—as he did not know—that his days were numbered, and that the end was approaching swiftly.

She shrank from preparing for herself the torture of unavailing regrets when Etienne should be no more; for she knew that his helpless, yearning look would haunt her afterwards if she were hard to him now, or refused to gratify to the utmost of her power the cravings of his capricious selfishness. She vividly realised the future when there would be no one to cling to her—no one to whom she would be the one being supremely desired and supremely necessary. And yet the strain upon her was so great that she sometimes longed for all to be over, that she might be for a while at rest.

In face of this daily reality, the re-appearance of Rushmere in her life faded into secondary importance. She began to feel defiantly indifferent to him. When she found at Montondon's the letter from Edgar Tomline desiring to know, on behalf of "the

THE GRAPHIC

young lady," who Mrs. Ellergarth's anonymous correspondent was, she tossed it aside with an impatient frown. The girl was living, then, and had friends who cared for her. Let them care for her! As for Rushmere, why should she be solicitous to spare him anxious suspense? What solicitude had he shown for her feelings? And so the days went by, and she made no sign.

In this condition of mental and bodily tension, a visit from Mr. Shard, who almost forced himself into her presence one afternoon, was received by her in a curt, almost fierce, manner, which he had little expected.

Mr. Shard had shaken the dust of Westfield from his feet, as he had told Edgar Tomline. His dismissal from all employment at Enderby Court had had an unfavourable effect on his position as a lawyer with many of his clients.

It must be understood that Mr. Jackson's opinion—and the opinion of most of Mr. Jackson's compeers—as to Lawyer Shard's preternatural cuteness was by no means shaken. For it is a curious, but undeniable, fact, that a reputation for cunning seems in no wise dependent on the successful results which cunning is credited with producing. You shall hear the seediest, out-at-elbows vagabond admiringly alluded to as "one of the sharpest chaps you ever came across—up to everything—a fellow that 'ud beat Old Nick for clever dodges," by some simple individual whose slower-witted honesty has, nevertheless, sufficed to keep his shoes whole and his children fed.

No; it was not because they doubted Lawyer Shard's "depth" that his humbler clients fell off; but because it appeared not to be the kind of depth agreeable to Lord Grimstock. And Lord Grimstock was "as good as their landlord now," and would be, until Miss Enderby came of age.

Mr. Shard, with a prompt perception of possibilities in his own favour, had availed himself of Mr. Clampitt's extraordinary collapse as a "man of business" to get hold of that now somewhat forlorn fowl, the Benevolent Pelican; and had become himself, in imitation of his distinguished predecessor, board, director, and manager of the company all in one. Nay, he carried this simplification of functions a step farther than Mr. Clampitt had done, by becoming his own secretary also.

From the moment when he had first been admitted by his cousin, Adolphus Hawkins, to see the interior mysteries of the Loan Society, Mr. Shard had felt that this was a field wherein his own peculiar abilities would find congenial employment. He had got hold of some of the books, and gathered up the shattered fragments of the affair, and had no doubt of successfully piecing them together.

By scraping and pinching during many years, he had amassed a sum sufficient to secure him from want. The greater part of this he invested in an annuity on his own and his wife's joint lives, and then he felt at liberty to play with a few remaining hundreds, under the fostering wings of the Pelican, at a game which he might playfully, but correctly, have described as "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

But Mr. Shard was not the man to neglect his own interests in any direction; and, having learnt from young Tomline that Lucy had left Madame Leroux, it at once occurred to him that, since she had not stayed out the time for which the premium had been paid, some portion of the money might be recovered for his own use. It will be remembered that Adolphus Hawkins had neglected to fulfil his promise to Lucy of writing to tell Shard of her dismissal from the school. The fact that she had left it was casually revealed to him for the first time in the course of his conversation with Tomline; and he therefore chose to consider himself aggrieved and ill-treated by Lucy—whose "ingratitude" Mrs. Shard was never weary of declaring she could not understand.

"I had given orders to admit nobody," said Madame Leroux, facing the unwelcome visitor with his card in her hand.

Mr. Shard was not easily abashed. He saw a handsome, elegantly-dressed woman—who looked, to be sure, as if she had a devil of a temper; but tempers could be managed—and he at once decided that this was a case for administering flattery in large doses. He began, therefore, in his squeakiest voice, and with his most fawning manner, to express his regret at having intruded inopportunistly, his admiration for the elegance of Douro House, his delighted surprise at finding the mistress of it so young and charming a lady—when she cut across the middle of one of his sentences, by saying sharply, with an imperious frown, "What do you want?"

This was rather disconcerting, even to Mr. Jacob Shard. And he stood for a few seconds staring at her open-mouthed.

"Well, ma'am," said he at length, "since you *are* so short, I've come on a little matter of business."

"I cannot attend to business now. I am fatigued. This is my hour for rest."

"That's unfortunate, ma'am," returned Shard, thinking he would try the effect of a little bullying, since "soft sawder" had failed. "Because I'm a busy man myself. And I cannot be running backwards and forwards from my office to Kensington. I have come about a sum of money which is owing to me—owing by you, ma'am. And I mean to have it. I'm a lawyer, and I know what I'm talking about. There was a very handsome premium paid to you, with my niece, for a twelvemonth's board and lodging, and practice in teaching, and so on. And since you wrongfully dismissed my niece long before the expiry of the time, I'll trouble you to refund the balance, ma'am." And Mr. Shard shook his head menacingly, to imply that he was not to be trifled with.

Madame Leroux rang a sharp peal at the bell. "You are talking nonsense," said she, looking at him with the same disgusted frown as though he were a reptile of some peculiarly unpleasant species. "The girl is not your niece, the money was not your money, and what was proper to be repaid has been repaid! Show this person out."

Mr. Shard's astonishment almost overpowered his rage. When the servant appeared at the door, he stammered out, white with anger, "Very good, ma'am; very good! We shall see. I shall publish your conduct. You thought you had settled it very comfortably between you, you and Miss Lucy Marston; but you'd better not try any tricks with me, I can tell you!"

Madame Leroux had contemptuously turned away from him, and seated herself at her writing-table. But he now observed a sudden movement of her shoulders. She half turned her head, and, raising her hand to shade her eyes, with the action of one looking at some dimly-described object, she said, "You are making some absurd blunder. The girl for whom the premium was paid is named Smith."

"Oh, don't you trouble yourself, ma'am; I am not making any blunder at all. The young lady in question is my niece—the daughter—adopted daughter, it's all one—of my late brother-in-law, Mr. Marston. And as to the money not being mine, you'll allow me to tell you that you would be puzzled to prove that; and that I consider it like your impudence to make such a remark! and moreover—"

"Leave my house!" said Madame Leroux, turning on him a face which startled him; it was so deadly pale, with such a fierce brightness in the eyes. Then to the servant, "If he resists, or is abusive, call the police."

And so Mr. Shard, absolutely cowed for once, walked out of Douro House for the first and last time.

Caroline remained without moving, leaning her elbows on the writing-table, and her forehead on her clenched hands. There was no doubt in her mind, scarcely any surprise—this girl was her daughter, her own child. She had a strange sense of having known it a long time, and hazily wondering how it had been with her before she knew it.

She remembered very distinctly how the likeness to Rushmere had struck her when she first saw Lucy in Marie Hawkins's drawing-room. The peculiar way in which her hair grew in undulating curves on the forehead was his to the life; and she had his eyes.

Her thoughts wandered off to the most trivial incidents of her early acquaintance with Ralph Rushmere. How desperately in love with her he had been! She remembered a certain evening when Charlotte Gaunt, dazzling in the pride of her great beauty, had gone to a ball where she expected to meet Rushmere. But in the soft June night he and Caroline were walking in some gardens near to Lord Grimstock's house, of which she had the pass-key; and she recalled the triumph she felt in holding him there at her side—she, poor, friendless dependent—while the haughty Lady Charlotte Gaunt waited in vain for him, and suffered agonies of mortification and despised love. That soft June night! How it came back to her! She could smell the heavy perfume of some flowers that grew in the garden. Ralph took off his hat, and she laid her hand caressingly on the thick waves of his hair—as she had laid it on the head of that girl! She remembered her with a start, like that of a person waking suddenly.

And with the recollection of her existence, there came again upon Caroline the grudging jealousy of Lucy's influence with Rushmere, which had been one of her chief motives for sending the girl away. He had expressed a great interest in her already; how he would worship and cherish her if he knew she was his daughter!

As she sat there, with her clenched hands pressed against her temples, Caroline declared to herself, defiantly, that there was no touch of maternal tenderness in her feeling towards Lucy. She scorned to make pretences, or to echo the empty cant which passed current with fools.

"Natural affection! Such affection is not in my nature! And why should I be presumed to have it more than she? Where was her filial instinct when she set herself in opposition to me as she did? Other young girls have loved me, but she was cold and antagonistic from the first. What trash they talk about this mother-love! I am expected to be suddenly devoted to a creature who has been utterly aloof from all my life, and thoughts, and feelings for eighteen years, merely because I accidentally discover that it was I who gave her birth! Ralph would expect that; he would call it 'womanly.' If it be womanly to be a fool and a coward, I renounce it. I have the sense to see the truth, and the courage to look it in the face. I told him I was not a parasitic creature. I must live my own life for myself; and I have not found men very willing to give up theirs to me! But I forgot—'womanliness' consists in making sacrifices, not receiving them. No wonder men admire the quality, and are aghast at the wickedness of those who find it rather imbecile!"

She laughed a little bitter laugh, and moved her shoulders contemptuously.

Her imagination began to picture Rushmere and Lucy together as father and daughter. "And what place would there be for me between them?" she asked herself with a quick throb of pain and wounded pride. "I must be womanly, and retire to some obscure corner from whence I can have the satisfaction of contemplating their happiness. Bah! It makes me sick to think that there are women who will grovel low enough to act such miserable falsities!" She struck her open hand sharply on the table as she said the words, and got up from her seat.

She had asked no question of Shard—she had even asked none in her own mind—as to Lucy's history; what had determined her to take the name of Smith; nor where she was at that moment. She was considering Lucy as she had before considered Rushmere—solely in relation to herself.

She went to her own room and put on a dressing-gown, and then, taking the pins out of her hair, cast back her head and shook down the curling brown locks, as though in that way she could shake off the crowding thoughts that pricked and stung her like a swarm of poisonous insects.

She made a more elaborate toilet than usual, for she was to dine, and afterwards go to the opera, with the wife of a Russian baritone who was then taking the town by storm. Frampton Fennell would be there, and Jersey, and some other men whom she knew. She had been going out nearly every evening of late. It had been noticed with wonder in the school, and had been the subject of much gossip. She knew this perfectly; but excitement of some sort was absolutely necessary to her now. Without it she could not face her daily life, divided between Etienne's sick room and a round of duties which were growing more and more irksome to her.

She was ready early, and sat half reclined in the easy chair in her own room, waiting for the carriage that was ordered to fetch her, when the parlour-maid tapped at the door, and, on being told to enter, said, timidly, that there was a lady downstairs who earnestly desired to see her.

"Impossible," said Caroline, curtly. "Shut the door, and do not come again until you announce the brougham."

"I told the lady so, madame, and I said you were very tired and had been annoyed once before by some one coming in on business when you wanted to rest. But—"

"But what?" asked Madame Leroux, greatly surprised by this insistence; for her orders were seldom disputed or evaded.

"The lady said she was sure you would see her if you knew who she was; and her business was very pressing. She made me bring her card."

Caroline took it and read, "Lady Charlotte Gaunt."

A new gleam came into her eyes, and a scornful, half-amused smile curled the corners of her mouth. "Well, why not?" she murmured to herself. "*Nous allons voir, miladi!*" Then she bade the servant "light those," pointing to some branch candlesticks full of wax candles, on the mantelpiece, "and desire the lady to walk upstairs."

CHAPTER XLIV.

LADY CHARLOTTE was ushered into a room full of the soft radiance of wax-lights, and a delicate, diffused perfume. The lamps had not yet been lit downstairs; and, coming from the summer twilight into that artificial illumination, she was unable for a moment to distinguish objects with perfect clearness. But, after an inappreciable pause on the threshold, she saw standing opposite to her a figure which held her spell-bound with surprise.

Caroline was dressed in creamy white, relieved by knots of carnation ribbon. Her smooth, fair arms and neck were bare, and her brown hair was gathered with artistic carelessness in curling masses at the back of her head.

It was a vision of Caroline in her girlhood, but with added grace and richness of beauty. Almost in the same moment Lady Charlotte caught sight, in the long mirror beside which Madame Leroux was standing, of her own faded face and grey hair above the sombre blackness of her dress.

A rush of mingled feelings made her heart swell. She held out her hand, saying, in a low grave tone, "Can this be Caroline?"

The other woman took her hand in silence, and, leading her to a seat, sat down near her.

Lady Charlotte underwent a strong revulsion of feeling. This woman beside her was so strangely different from the idea she had kept in her mind during all the years since they had met! She had thought of a pale, sad, silent creature, bent by the weight of remembered wrong and sorrow, labouring modestly in her calling—a creature who had entered early into the shadow of human error and suffering. She saw a brilliant woman, dressed in festal attire, jewel

on her hands and in her ears, a smile upon her red lips, and everything around her telling of elegance and luxurious ease.

It was impossible but that some bitterness should rise in Charlotte Gaunt's soul as she looked upon her; and deep down in her heart the thought was quivering, "Had I kept my beauty as she has done, the thought would have loved me!"

Rushmere might yet have loved me! "Have you drunk of the Fountain of Jouvence, Caroline?" she said, fixing her large grey eyes on the face beside her. "You are scarcely changed at all—or, rather, you are changed for the better. See what a wreck I am!"

All her pride could not prevent her voice from trembling a little as she said it. She looked across at the two contrasted images in the mirror. Caroline looked at them too, and turned aside her head to hide a little smile of triumph.

"Oh, I am changed, too," answered Caroline. "At this moment, perhaps, I am looking my best. After a certain age, you know, toilette makes all the difference."

There was hardness in Madame Leroux's tone and in the brightness of her eye and in her smile. How could she smile at all? All the memories which they two shared made Charlotte Gaunt feel as though her lost youth, lost beauty, lost love—lost faith in one who had been as an angel in her eyes—were hovering ghostly and invisible around them.

"And you are married, Caroline?" she said, gravely bending her head once or twice.

"Ten years ago."

"And—happily?"

"My husband is dying of consumption."

"Oh, I am sorry!" said Lady Charlotte, lightly laying her gloved hand on Caroline's clasped hands, glittering with rings. She scarcely knew what to say. Caroline's manner perplexed her.

"I am a great deal tried by constant attendance on him," pursued Madame Leroux. "He craves to have me constantly beside him, and with the duties I have to do here the position is wearing."

Lady Charlotte glanced at her dress. The other instantly read her thought, and said, as if in answer to it, "Oh, I do not absolutely spend every hour of the twenty-four between a sick bed and the school-room. I should soon become useless for either if I did."

"You must be surprised to see me here," said Lady Charlotte, after a moment's silence.

"Surprised, but very glad. I thought we were never going to meet again."

"I should not have come thus, and now, but that something happened this morning which made me feel it urgent to see you without delay. I—"

"Excuse me one moment," interrupted Madame Leroux. She rang the bell, and ordered the servant to tell the driver of the brougham to go away and return in an hour. Then she resumed her seat, and said, quietly, "You were saying?"

Her coolness surprised and offended Lady Charlotte. This was a strangely light way of taking her visit. Surely Caroline might understand from her manner—from her very presence there—that her errand was one to be treated with some seriousness! Caroline was behaving almost as though she considered it to be of slight consequence. Lady Charlotte had intended to prepare her gently for the letter she must see, to encourage her not to be too much startled or downcast by its contents. But her previsions of what she would say and do were routed by this unexpected tone on the part of Caroline. She said with impressive haughtiness, "I considered this matter sufficiently important to induce me to take a long journey on purpose to see you. I left Somersetshire by the express this afternoon. I was thunderstruck by the receipt of this letter. You had better read it."

She took Tomline's letter from a pouch hanging at her girdle, and handed it to Caroline, who received it with outward composure, although she was not wholly without uneasiness. Could the letter concern Etienne?

Lady Charlotte watched her face as she read. It changed very little; only a slight crease between the brows showed that she was intent on what she was reading. "Oh!" she said, when she had finished the letter, drawing a deep breath, "I see."

Knowing what she knew of her interview with him, there could, of course, be no doubt in her mind that the letter emanated, more or less indirectly, from Rushmere. So! He had been setting inquiries on foot for himself. Well, what did it matter?

"Are you not bewildered to conjecture how this secret could have been revealed?" said Lady Charlotte, more and more perplexed by the other's apparent indifference.

"Oh—I don't know. All secrets are revealed sooner or later, I suppose."

"This one has been kept inviolate for nearly nineteen years," replied Lady Charlotte with a downcast, brooding look. "But there is such an incomprehensible half-knowledge here! The writer seems to suppose that the child is still living. It died in its birth—you told me so," she added, with a searching look at Caroline. "Did you not?"

"Yes; I told you so."

"And that word about reuniting parent and child! Who is to understand it!"

"You have not answered the letter?" said Madame Leroux.

"Answered it! Good heavens! Caroline, how could I answer it? I only received it a few hours ago, as I told you. But in any case—in what terms could I answer such a letter?"

"No; better let it rest. It cannot harm me. As you say, nineteen years have passed, and many things have changed. I have outlived that time. I have another place in the world—I am another woman. And for you—your mother is long since dead. There is surely no one of your family living to whom the matter would cost so much as a wakeful night."

Lady Charlotte pressed her hands together. Caroline's words recalled the debt of gratitude she owed to her former dependant. "I have not forgotten, Caroline," she said, "what you endured to spare us—to spare my mother in her bereavement. She loved Hubert the best of all her children—better than she loved me, although she indulged me more; and his cutting off was a grievous blow. She never recovered from it. But I have not forgotten that you were silent—that you made a sacrifice which must have been hard."

"Oh," said Caroline, in a singular tone. "It was not so much—from me to you."

"I know that your devotion to us was chiefly for my sake. I knew that at the time."

Could she have seen it, the glance Caroline shot at her when she said that would have struck her with almost as much dismay as to see Caroline's hand raised against her with a dagger. But she was looking straight before her, and her bodily vision was unconscious of what it rested on. "Although my mother was unjustly harsh to you, she had some cause of blame against you. But you made her noble amends; I shall always acknowledge it."

"I owed her so much," said Caroline, still in the same singular tone. "I was fed, I was sheltered. And, if some persons thought that my poor services might be held to have fairly earned that much, yet think of the honour for me—the steward's daughter—of being admitted to familiar intimacy in the House of Gaunt!"

"Every one would not have felt it as you did, Caroline," answered Lady Charlotte, carried backward on the tide of memory, and half unconsciously assuming her old tone towards her former *stéga*; whom she had scolded, and petted, and defended from any attempt at blame from others. "But I have a word to say to

you which I will say at once, now that it is in my mind. You have not behaved well to a young girl in whom I am interested."

"Have I not? But whoever it is, I could not know you were interested in her. No one has made that claim on me, or it could not have been disregarded."

The strangeness of her tone did strike Lady Charlotte this time, and she looked round at her rather quickly. But she merely saw Caroline with placid face, and downcast eyes, toying absently with her fan.

Still the faint suspicion of something like mockery in Caroline's voice sufficed to infuse an added peremptoriness into her own, as she said, throwing her head a little backward in the old haughty manner which the other knew so well,

"I should suppose so. It is with that conviction in my mind that I tell you Lucy Smith's dismissal was very ill-judged. The excuse for it was very absurd. And, if real, could only be detrimental to your school. Nothing could be more unwise than to allow a vulgar girl, such as Lucy Smith described, to domineer and dictate as to which teachers she would learn from."

"Has Miss Lucy Smith asked you to speak to me?" inquired Madame Leroux, with great meekness. "You must remember that I was not aware she even knew your name."

"I do remember it. And I make all allowance for it. No; she did not ask me to speak. I speak in your own interests. But I think you would do well to receive her back if she were willing to come. It is very possible that she might be able to be of value to you in extending your connection amongst the best people. Lady Grimstock is much interested in her. And my niece Mildred Enderby has a strong regard—I may say affection—for her. She is with my niece at present. I left her in Somersetshire this morning."

"That is very strange!" said Caroline dreamily. "That my—that that girl should be the dear friend of your niece! Strange, strange—what a strange world!"

The sound of Caroline's exquisite voice, speaking now in its natural tones, affected Charlotte Gaunt as it had affected Rushmere. It awoke a crowd of softening memories.

"Ah," she said, laying her hand once more on Caroline's, and looking at her with luminous eyes; "but there is something stranger still. Whom do you think I have seen lately, Caroline? But I must tell you that I am staying for the present in the house of my cousins, the Avons of Avonthorpe. You remember I used to go there often as a girl? The owner of a good estate near theirs died not long ago, and his heir has come to take possession of it. The heir is Ralph Rushmere!"

"And Lucy is there too?" said Madame Leroux, quickly.

"Lucy!" echoed Lady Charlotte, surprised, as she had been before, at Caroline's lack of surprise. "Yes, she is there; I told you so. But, Caroline, did you know he was still living? I little hoped that I should meet him again in this world; and now chance has brought him to be the familiar friend and neighbour of the Avons! Can you not think how my heart beat at seeing him again? Oh, if he had not been so proud in the old days! He was penniless and obscure, while I was Charlotte Gaunt. Sometimes I wonder if it would not have been better had I told him the truth, and risked everything—one can but be happy! He has never married, Caroline. Other women of my rank have married beneath them, and been happy."

The stately, haughty, patrician Lady Charlotte Gaunt had disappeared; in her stead there was an agitated woman, with flushed cheeks and humid eyes, garrulously pouring out her confidences like any foolish, love-sick girl. In truth, the feelings and associations of her girlhood had, in a great measure, been revived by Caroline's presence. She could speak of Ralph to Caroline as she could speak to no one in the world.

"He is changed," she went on, "more changed than years would account for; he looks like a man who has suffered very much."

"He looks like a man baked very brown by the sun, and his hair is grizzled; and I cannot say that India has improved him in any respect."

Lady Charlotte, who had raised her handkerchief to her eyes, turned them now on Caroline, and recoiled in sheer amazement.

Madame Leroux was leaning back in her chair with her feet crossed, tapping one dainty satin slipper against the other. She had folded her arms, and her whole attitude expressed the utmost extremity of careless insolence. There was a mocking smile on her lips and a mocking sparkle in her eyes as they met those of Charlotte Gaunt.

"What do you mean?" gasped the latter.

"I mean precisely what I say. You are surprised to hear that I have seen him? Oh, yes, he came to me. You cannot conjecture why, of course. You never guessed—muffled as you were in your blinding, deafening, stupefying pride and vanity—that the man you condescended to care for could have eyes or ears for any other woman. What a vain, besotted, self-sufficient fool you were! How many a time when I have watched you sweeping down to the carriage, going to some grand entertainment to meet him—how many a time you have been an object of compassion to me even while I laughed at your airs, knowing that Ralph was impatiently waiting to meet me in the gardens, and ready to kiss the very pavement where my feet had trodden! You were pitiable—pitiable!"

And Caroline, with a sudden scornful gesture, threw up her hands with the palms outward, and then clasped them behind her head as it leaned against the back of the chair.

Lady Charlotte had started up at her first words, but was standing now like a woman turned to stone, with eyes fixed on the figure in the chair, and a curious look on her face, which was not pain, nor astonishment, nor horror, but rather the expression of one listening with a strained intentness into which all life and sense were concentrated.

Caroline went on pitilessly—lashing her long-cherished resentment by her own words, and pouring out some of the bitterness with which her heart had been overflowing since she had seen Rushmere. She was defiantly reckless. She held the scourge now, and she would wield it, let the consequences be what they might.

"Your mother had more acuteness. When she turned me from her house because she said I had disgraced it, she divined that Ralph was my lover. But you—you laughed that idea to scorn. Ralph in love with any other woman while Charlotte Gaunt was smiling on him, and flashing her grey eyes on him, and plainly showing him how much favour he had found in her sight? Impossible! But it was true. He did love me. He adored me. He was sick for love of me. He wrote letter after letter from India, imploring me to be his wife. If all the House of Gaunt had been plunged below the sea, it would have stirred him less than one touch from my hand or one kiss from my lips."

Charlotte Gaunt made a visibly painful effort to speak, and in a strange, hoarse voice, unlike her own, articulated the one word, "Hubert!"

For the first time the insolent light in Caroline's eyes was quenched, and the insolent smile on her lips died away. She shrugged her shoulders as she answered,

"Oh, poor Hubert! I wonder if he was a genuine Gaunt. He had neither the wooden head nor the wooden heart of the family."

But, although she spoke with an assumption of careless levity, it was plain that her self-possession was a little shaken.

"Did you tell me a lie about him?" said Charlotte, still in the same strained, hoarse voice, but with a kindling earnestness in her eyes.

"He loved me: that was no lie. He would have married me had he lived: that was no lie. There again your overweening pride blinded you. The poor dependent, your *souffre-douleur*, whom you kissed or scratched, as the arrogant whim took you—was it conceivable that she should be dangerous to Hubert Gaunt's peace of mind?"

"It was a lie then? You slandered him?" said Charlotte looking at her with a passionate eagerness that seemed as if it must force an answer. "It was a lie?"

Caroline turned on her with fierce impatience, that covered some secret shame.

"I had to protect myself. Your mother turned me out of doors. Would you have protected me if you had known the truth? Oh, I well knew what I should have to expect from the tender mercies of your raging jealousy! Had Hubert been alive he would have helped me. He was dead. It could not hurt him."

Charlotte dropped her face upon her hands, and a great trembling shook her from head to foot.

"It was only your pride, your monstrous family pride that made you help me," went on the other woman, driven in spite of herself to plead, where she had been accusing. "Your lady mother must have full liberty to abuse me, because any painful revelation about her lost Hubert would have killed her. But if I were silent, and endured that obloquy, you would stand my friend. It was a sad story! You were sympathetic; you would help me to hide it! Why don't I know, and don't you know, that if I had named the name of any other man—I don't say Ralph's; because that would have maddened you! but any other man's—you would have drawn your virtuous garments away from the contamination of my touch? I might have gone out and died by the roadside for all you would have cared!"

Charlotte lifted up her bowed face, down which the tears were streaming, and raised her trembling hands clasped together. "Hubert, forgive me!" she murmured, in a quivering voice.

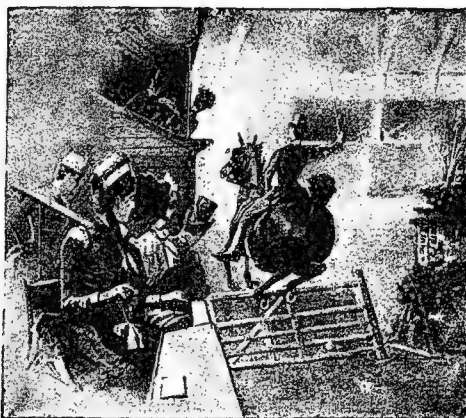
"And, for his sake, may God forgive you, Caroline!"

She walked slowly and feebly to the door, like an aged woman. Caroline stood looking after her with a vindictive and exultant smile. But, when the door was closed, she suddenly put her two hands up to her forehead, and burst into a passion of hysterical weeping.

(To be continued)

THE ISLINGTON HORSE SHOW

ONE Horse Show is very much like another—only more so. In other words each year sees the same animals, with few exceptions, come up for judgment, as appeared the year before; and each year



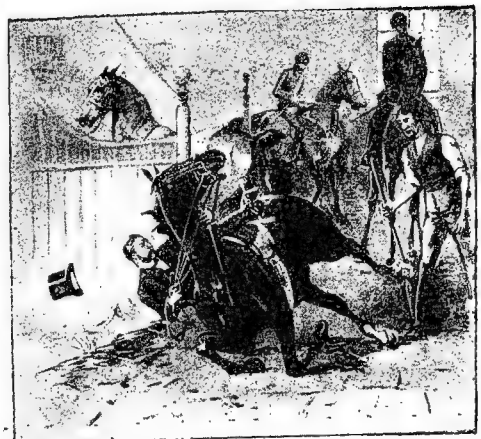
TOUCH AND GO

sees a greater and greater tendency to make Show horses a class of themselves. It may be seriously questioned, for example, whether many of the hunters who gained the judges' verdict this year ever qualified in the hunting field, or showed their brilliant leaping-



AFTER THE WATER-JUMP

powers over real obstacles. Hard work leaves its traces in scars, and abrasions, and thickenings, which these "professional beauties" are without. Still, even so, horse shows are probably good for the breed; for though the actual prize-winners may be more



AN AWKWARD SPILL

ornamental than useful, they imply the existence of a vast number of horses whose blood has been improved, and whose training has been more carefully attended to in the hopes of a prize one day



EXERCISING

falling to their lot. The experiment tried this year of beginning the Show in Derby Week was not altogether a success, the attendance having been considerably less during the first day or two than is usually the case. However, on Saturday things improved; and



THE WATER-JUMP—A SPLASHING

on each succeeding day, there was an increasing number of visitors to view the ever-popular jumping exhibitions. As to the prizes, the Champion Cup for the best horse in four hunter classes fell to Mr.



TRYING TO CLEAR THE WRONG GATE

J. Hadland's chestnut gelding Artist, Lord Granville Gordon took a first prize in the single-harness class with his bay gelding Bayard, and Mr. F. V. Gooch a first in the hack class with his grey gelding Don Juan.—Our engravings are sufficiently explained by their titles.

THE "WORCESTER" AND "CONWAY" BOAT-RACE

WHAT fairly promises to be a very interesting addition to the river sports of the season is the annual race which has been arranged between the cadets of these well-known nautical Training Colleges in the Thames and Mersey. The first of these aquatic contests took place last week, off Greenhithe, and, happily, the weather was all that could be desired. The cadets from Liverpool came up on Tuesday, and found that all arrangements had been made by Mr. W. M. Bullivant, the Worcester's hon. Secretary, to give them a hospitable reception. Arriving thus early, they had a day in which to try their strength in a river to which all of them were strangers. It was arranged that the race should be rowed in six-oared whalers, that the training for it might have practical value attaching to it; and, in the opinion of many competent naval men, the time devoted to preparation for the race was time very well spent. A numerous company went down by special boat to Greenhithe, and had the opportunity of following in the wake of the rowers at a convenient distance. A good start was made, and at first it seemed as if the sharp stroke of the Worcesters would soon take them far ahead. But gradually the long and steady pull of the Conways considerably lessened the distance between the boats, and at times the crews seemed so well matched that it was hard to say to which side victory would incline. As they neared the last half-mile of the more than two-mile course, however, the Worcesters put out all their strength, and, assisted by Mr. A. P. Parmeter, their skillful coxswain, they managed to shoot ahead. They maintained the advantage splendidly, and reached the winning point about three boat-lengths ahead of the Conway. The ages of the crews ranged from sixteen to nineteen, and the race over a little more than two miles was completed in sixteen minutes and thirty-two seconds. Sir G. H. Chambers and Captain Watt gave brief congratulatory addresses; but perhaps the chief interest of the day consisted in the spirit of emulation and good fellowship which the race did so much to foster between the cadets of each vessel. It is already arranged that the next race shall be rowed in the Mersey. It may be added that Captain J. H. Smith, of the Worcester, and Captain Miller, of the Conway, officiated as judges.

Historical Aspects of Hampton Court.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. GREEN, R.I.—WRITTEN BY J. GREGO

Let any wight (if such a wight there be),
To whom thy lofty towers unknown remain,
Direct his steps, fair Hampton Court, to thee,
And view thy splendid halls: then turn again
To visit each proud dome by science praised—
"For kings the rest" (he'd say); "but thou for gods wert raised."

HAMPTON COURT is a link with the past of which we may be justifiably proud. With the single exception of Windsor, there is in England no such historical relic. The stately pile and its grounds are replete with artistic and historic charm. The Palace offers, even in its present form—both restored and altered in accordance with the taste which has prevailed at succes-

sive epochs—the most realistic examples of palatial architecture of the picturesque Tudor era, contrasted and in juxtaposition with instances of the degenerate classic taste encouraged by Louis XIV., and, under William III.'s orders, carried out in England by Sir Christopher Wren. Hampton Court is, indeed, a Palace eloquently telling of many eras; and but little imagination is necessary to summon on the scene those Princes and famous personages who there enacted their brief dramas, to which the historical pile formed in various ways the most fitting background.

From the time when the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem held a Preceptory at Hampton Court to the days of George III., there are memorials accessible in sufficiency for the reconstruction of those historical incidents which give vivid interest to the surroundings. With Wolsey's courts and the remnants of his chambers we associate the proud Cardinal in his days of splendour. The vainglorious state there held under his rule contrasts with his fallen greatness when the ambitious Minister departed—broken-hearted, shorn of his dignities and his revenues—from the sumptuous Palace he had reared to please his overwhelming love of ostentation.

Greater splendours are associated with Henry VIII.'s tenure of Hampton Court; his chapel and his great Gothic hall are still standing to lead visitors' minds backward down the stream of time. There the Royal Bluebeard courted his successive wives, and planned his own simple methods of supplanting them by violent ends, to make room for fresh candidates for the dangerous honour of his hand. Edward VI. was born there, and it was at Hampton Court that the aspiring Protector, Somerset, met with his overthrow. Philip and Mary there spent their honeymoon, and the disappointed Queen's hopes of an heir were there brought to naught.

Elizabeth's history is closely connected with the Palace. It was there that she arrived as a prisoner, to be judged by her sister, the Queen; hither, too, came suitors for the hand of the Princess, whose suits were not destined to prosper; the fate of Mary Queen of Scots was decided at the Commission held therein. "The grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls" there, and plays were enacted in the Great Hall.

James I. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, there held high state, with courtly masques, revels, and hunting parties; thither was summoned the conference between Anglicans and Puritans on the subject of "Church Conformity," the pedantic King delightedly acting as "Moderator," and airing his pet formula of "passive obedience." There died his Queen, and it was at this Palace that Prince Charles's matrimonial negotiations with the Infanta of Spain received their quietus. Hampton Court was no blissful abode for Charles I.; he there quarrelled with and dismissed Henrietta Maria's French suite; thither he came later on, during the misfortunes which had overthrown the Royal cause, the mere prisoner of the men he had taken up arms to crush, and from thence he was ill-advised enough to make that escape which finally led him to the scaffold. Then came the Commonwealth, with Hampton Court, happily reprieved from being sold, reserved ultimately as the family residence of my Lord Protector; there lived Oliver Cromwell, as regards his peace of mind hardly more fortunate than his Royal predecessor; harassed with plots and threatened with assassination; there did old friends forsake him, and stern Puritans preach against the Protector, till Cromwell there fell sick and went thence to die. Under his son Richard's brief tenure, the Palace was again to be sold, but lo, it was, instead, refurbished to make way for the gay doings of the Restoration, for the Merry Monarch and his following of reprobates. There had Catharine of Braganza her unhappy honeymoon; there flaunted the King's mistresses, and made the life of the young Queen a bondage of misery to herself; thither for security of health came Charles II. and his disreputable Court to seek safety during the ravages of the Plague, and there was unravelled the Rye House Plot.

With the Revolution, the flight of James II., and the arrival and settlement of William III., arose fresh glories for Hampton Court; the Palace to be transmogrified according to the taste of the day, and the grounds to be made as much as possible a reminder of the environs of William of Orange's beloved Dutch palace; there we find William delighting in his gardens, his sober pleasures, and Queen Mary in her bower at needlework with her maids. After the



HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN IN THE KING'S PRIVY GARDENS



CARDINAL WOLSEY SURRENDERING HAMPTON COURT PALACE TO KING HENRY VIII.

From Christ ere seventeen hundred years be sped,
Which shall see her Monarch lose his head ;
And Cardinal, thine own Hampton's Royal towers
Shall pass three times to three usurping powers,
Well ruled by fate, thy five broad courts were planned,*
Five types or five sad changes of command. "

rather forecast, equally unauthenticated with its predecessor, led "The Chaplain's Prophecy," and especially concerned itself with the General Monk, and his share in the Restoration. This was fully attributed to the last Catholic Chaplain of Hampton Court, Father Proud, Queen Mary's confessor, finally dismissed by Elizabeth, when she inherited the Crown :—

From th' Hospitaller's stone-cased cell,
Prayers rose to Heaven 'gainst Satan's spell,
And Heaven approving loved them well.
And prisons down, and Knights o'erthrown,
This gorgeous palace still shall own
A Monk to raise the shattered Throne.

prophecies to wraiths is an easy transition ; possibly it has an additional interest to the Palace in the eyes of believers in the supernatural that the ancient rooms and passages are credited with the extra charm of historical ghosts. Henry VIII. certainly would be allowed the credit of being the right sort of monarch to attract phantoms, and it is hardly a matter for surprise that evidence has sometimes been given to the rumour that the perturbed spirits of his victims have haunted the scenes of their former habits. For instance, there is the legend that Lady Jane Seymour, in her indulgence for the Prince proved fatal to Anne Boleyn, has been seen in spectral form, clad in white, and bearing a lighted torch in her hand, performing a pilgrimage in the Queen's old apartments. The unhappy Queen Catharine Howard—who, after her marriage had been settled, was dragged away by the guards at the moment she vainly sought to reach her husband, conveniently absorbed her devotedness in the Royal closet of the Chapel—it has been said still haunts the scene of this tragic episode ; a spectral form, clad in white, her countenance expressing ghastly despair, knocking the door of the Royal pew, and hurrying thence, giving utterance to unearthly shrieks, which have made night terrible.

ther supernatural visitant is the alleged ghost of Mrs. Penn, who died in 1672, the wife of Edward VI. This lady's bones having been disturbed, her ghost is reported to have haunted the rooms she in life occupied, to work her spinning-wheel, a terror to beholders, her tall black gown and a long grey robe, and on her head a hood. Her alleged spiritual appearances pertain to the Stuart epoch ; and in consequence of this circumstance, it is related that in the corridors the ghost of Lord Albemarle appeared to Monk (then Colonel) and Charles I., proving that Monk was the one destined to raise the son of the late King, whose fate was thus foreshadowed. The spectre of King James II. must be regarded as the family wraith of the Stuarts, and on equally unsubstantial grounds, it is said that a short time before the death of Charles II. the ghost confronted the Merry Monks, who thenceforth was merry no more, in the corridors leading to the Chapel. After this apparition the King's demeanour changed, and within a brief period he had the apoplectic seizure which terminated his career.

such nature are the fanciful traditions which, from time to time have been associated with Hampton Court, wherein fiction is mingled with sober history. The palace and grounds are a living evidence of Wolsey's greatness, wealth, and splendor. Cardinal, at the period in question, is thus described by Dr.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand ;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign—
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine.
Turned by his nod the stream of honour flows :
His smile alone security bestows :
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower
Till claim and power leads to power,
Till conquest, unresisted, ceases to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.

arrangement of his palace, the Cardinal showed his universal
With princely magnificence he here entertained his
sovereign, princes, and ambassadors during the meridian of his

Why come ye not to Court?
To whyche Court?
To the Kynge's Cour e,
Or to Hampton Court?
Nay to the Kynge's Court:
But Hampton Court
Hath the premyence,
And Yorke Place,
With my lorde's grace,
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluence
Of suites and supplicacyons
Embassades of all nacyois

The subject of Mr. Charles Green's drawing of Wolsey's hopeless endeavour to retain, is founded on the popular tale that when the King, with unmistakable signs of jealousy for himself as Hampton Court?" Wolsey is supposed to have adroitly replied, "To show how noble a palace a subject owes to his Sovereign." Nothing loth, Henry took Wolsey at his word, and, as Mr. Ernest Law has set down in his exhaustive

is thus denoted in the Parliamentary Survey, 1655, Harl. MS., 599:—Outer
Greene Courte, Second Greene Courte, Stone Courte with a tountayne,
his Palace in London, afterwar is called Whitehall.

and valuable "History of Hampton Court Palace," "the King at once accepted the offer, and the lease of the manor of Hampton Court was surrendered into his hands. With the Palace was included all its costly furniture, tapestries, and plate—forming assuredly the most magnificent gift ever made by a subject to his Sovereign!"

Henry's tenure of the Palace was marked by fresh splendours; new buildings were raised, the galleries redecorated, and everything done to make the buildings and gardens suitable to the Royal taste for magnificence. At Hampton Court the King determined upon divorcing Queen Katharine of Arragon, and summoned there, in 1530, an assembly of clergy and lawyers, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, "to ascertain whether, in virtue of the privilege possessed by this kingdom, Parliament could and would enact that, notwithstanding the Pope's prohibition, this cause of the divorce should be decided by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Meanwhile Anne Boleyn was installed in a suite of apartments superbly furnished for her accommodation, and was assigned a retinue of attendants, while her Royal lover presented his favourite with costly jewels, and spent large sums upon the becoming adornment of "his awne darling." With Lady Anne at this period the King passed a great part of his time—riding out with her, playing at bowls, shooting at the target, walking in the Park, and strolling in the gardens. A scene of these soft dalliances has been pictured by Mr. Charles Green in his first drawing, which represents Henry and his fair companion in the King's privy gardens, wherein the various *parterres* were surrounded with low walls, while fixed upon pedestals were heraldic beasts supporting vanes and shields with the King's arms and badges.

JOSEPH GREGO



Of our possessions in the southern part of the erstwhile Dark Continent, Sir Frederick Young, K.C.M.G., gives a rapidly-moving and intelligible account in "A Winter Tour in South Africa" (E. A. Petherick). The volume is a reprint, with large additions, from the proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute, and contains several admirable illustrations from photographs, and a good map. The author is generally of opinion that what is wanted is Imperial Federation as the goal to be ultimately reached, to render South Africa politically satisfied and content. To those who assert that Imperial Federation means the subjugation of the independence of the colonies to the control of the Mother Country, Sir Frederick Young rejoins: "I emphatically protest against all such erroneous interpretations as a libel on the principle put forward as a plan for the National Government. On the contrary, the project of Imperial Federation, without any *arrière pensée*, clearly and distinctly involves the condition, that the colonies themselves are to take their adequate part and share with the Mother Country in its future concrete constitution. In the brief but expressive phrase I have already publicly adopted, Imperial Federation means 'the Government of the Empire by the Empire.' In Imperial Federation, therefore, South Africa would be fairly and influentially represented, along with the other colonies of Great Britain. In union with them she would take her part in guiding the policy and directing the destinies of the whole British Empire." As the narrative of the author shows that he is in touch with all that is most active and weighty in thought throughout South Africa, his words should here command attention.

Mr. William Digby, C.I.E., gives us "1857-1887. Nepal and India" (Indian Political Agency). The author recites in detail the great services rendered us by Sir Jung Bahadur at the date of the Indian Mutiny, when that statesman proved himself a friend in need; and then he shows us how, twenty years later, that friendship was forgotten. Lord Canning, on May 30th, 1858, said:—"I had the satisfaction of offering to the Maharajah Jung Bahadur, in full Durbar, my cordial thanks for the aid which the Government of India had received from him and from his brave soldiers, and my assurance that the friendly conduct of his Government and the exertions and successes of his troops would be held in grateful recollection, not less in England than in India." In contrast with this utterance we have the readiness with which the Indian authorities acquiesced in Bir Shumshere's usurpation three years ago. Mr. Digby puts the injustice done to the surviving members of Sir Jung Bahadur's family in a strong light. Apart from the personal interest of his story, we have a valuable account of the manners, customs, and history of Nepal.

"Soldiers Three," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling (A. H. Wheeler, Calcutta), is a collection of stories setting forth certain passages in the lives and adventures of Privates Terence Mulvaney, Stanley Ortheris, and John Learoyd. Mulvaney is an Irishman, Ortheris a Cockney, and Learoyd a Yorkshireman. They are each and all somewhat dissolute types of "Tommy Atkins," as that notable person transforms himself under the influence of Oriental surroundings. "Oh, my time past," says Mulvaney, "whin I put me fut through ivry livin' wan av the Tin Commandments between Revelly and Lights Out," and he says it in pleasant memory. The moral attitude of his two friends does not differ from his. They are brave fellows notwithstanding, and full of wild humour. What they say and do, both for the matter and the manner of it, will be found eminently laughter-provoking.

Bigoted foes of the clergy may find ground for reflection in the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp's "The Trials of a Country Parson" (Fisher Unwin). In a former work, "Arcady," the author drew the picture of the life of the rustics around him. In this volume he has sketched the life of a country parson trying to do his best to elevate those among whom he has been called to exercise his ministry. In his view, any clergyman who aims exclusively at being a religious teacher will miss his aim. According to Dr. Jessopp he must be more, or he will fail to be that. He must be a social power in his parish, and he ought to try, at any rate, to be an intellectual force also. The contents of his book are made up of seven essays, the first six of which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, the last, entitled "Why I Wish to Visit America," in the *North American Review*. Dr. Jessopp is instructive on some points, amusing on others, and always readable.

Mr. Irving Montagu, late war artist of an illustrated contemporary, and author of "Wanderings of a War Artist," has brought together into one volume a number of racy sketches contributed to a well-known magazine, and published them under the title "Camp and Studio" (W. H. Allen). They are rambling reminiscences chiefly of the Russo-Turkish War, with a few added chapters, affording a glimpse behind the shifting scenes of artistic life, so that some idea is conveyed to the reader of Mr. Montagu's doings at home as well as abroad. The Roumanians may have made money in October, 1877, for the author tells us that at Bucharest pickles fetched from 7s. 6d. to 10s. a bottle, and sardines from 5s. to 8s. a tin, while at Plevna very bad claret cost from 8s. to 12s. per bottle. "Camp and Studio" affords plenty of light and pleasant reading.

Well-written and charmingly-illustrated is Mr. Frederick Arthur Bridgman's "Winters in Algeria" (Chapman and Hall); which, however, will not be altogether unfamiliar to readers of *Harper*. The author gives a fascinating picture of the villa-residences of the

wealthy English on the heights around Algiers—residences which combine the attractiveness of Arab construction with the modification of English detail. Dinner-parties with European friends are given in Moorish courts or *patis*. "An awning is stretched overhead; and in the centre of the court, paved with marble or coloured tiles, stands a fountain, the water played over roses and jasmynes, and trickling down honeysuckles, lilacs, and green palms, and splashing on the fish in the basin below—and all this in the winter months. The circular table—laden, too, with flowers—is placed within the columns and around the fountain." Mr. Bridgman holds that the Arab's reputation for a graceful and noble bearing is entirely the creation of his garments. "Clothe a swarthy Italian," he says, "in burnoose and turban, and you convert a Neapolitan model, organ-grinder, or possible bandit, into a silent and mysterious Mahomedan, who seems to be absorbed in whispering recitations from the Koran, and in the contemplation of a projected pilgrimage to Mecca."

A very entertaining volume of essays is "Paladin's" "Glances at Great and Little Men" (Sampson Low). The subjects are various, from "Oxford" and "Bishop Wilberforce" to "Richard Wagner" and "Napoleon III. at Wilhelmshöhe." They abound in curious reminiscence and amusing anecdote. Mr. Spurgeon, we learn from "Paladin," is in the habit of sending up his students into the pulpit without letting them know beforehand the text from which they will have to preach. This is to test and develop their readiness. On one occasion he sent up a little nervous man, not too liberally endowed with the gift of improvisation, and when this young man opened the paper containing the text, he found on it the one word "Zaccheus." For a moment he stood silent in much embarrassment; then he slowly began his sermon:—"My brethren, Zaccheus was a little man"—long pause—"so am I." A still longer pause. "Zaccheus was up a tree—so am I." When in Dublin, "Paladin" came across an open grating in the pavement. He stood beside it for a moment to see if he could get it closed. A well-dressed Irishman, who was passing, stopped. "I know you are English," he said at once. "How so?" "Paladin" asked. "Because, if you had been Irish, instead of seeing how you could get the grating closed, you would have concealed yourself somewhere near at hand to enjoy the fun of seeing some one tumble into it. But you English have no sense of fun."

A writer who takes the *nom de plume* "T.E.S.T.," and is an old Life-Member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, gives us "The Two Kinds of Truth" (Fisher Unwin). He intends his work as a test of all theories, with special application to those of creation, instinct, and immortality, and to show that evolution is a natural—not a universal—truth. This volume is, however, not so much a philosophical treatise as a book about philosophers, and the contradictory and unsatisfactory nature of sundry existing theories. The fundamental idea of the book is the distinction between natural truth and universal truth. The author explains his whole position with much lucidity and ability, and is instructive anent many of the moral, philosophic, and religious perplexities of the time.

Young people will find Mrs. Dyson's "The Stories of the Trees" (Thomas Nelson) an agreeable introduction to woodland lore. In idiomatic but simple English the author supplies a large amount of useful information about the oak, the ash, the elm, the beech, the lime, and so on.

We have also received Mr. J. Romilly Allen's "The Monumental History of the Early British Church" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge); Miss Mary Boyle's "Æsop Redivivus" (Field and Tuer); "Mary, Queen of Scots: A Narrative and Defence" (Elliot Stock), by an Elder of the Church of Scotland; "Days and Hours in a Garden" (Elliot Stock), by "E. V. B."; and Mr. W. J. Henderson's "The Story of Music" (Longmans).



MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—Books III. and IV. of "Halldan Kjerulf's Album of Songs," translations from the German by T. Marzials, contain twenty-two well-selected songs by this popular composer, words by various well-known poets. There is such genuine merit in the music and poetry of this charming collection that it is difficult to select any for special notice; the leading favourites in Vol. III. will be "Gebet für die Geliebte" ("A Prayer for My Beloved"), by Theodor Kjerulf; "Das Schiffermädchen" ("The Skipper's Daughter"), by J. L. Runeberg; "Lass Andre Nur" ("Silent Greeting"), Ern Geibet; "Am Meeresstrand" ("The Sea-Scape"), B. Björnson; and "Mein Schatz" (The Dancer), by Chas. Winther. The last song in this volume is Victor Hugo's really sweet poem "Le Retour" ("The Return"). In Book IV. the daintiest poem of the set is "Es Stand ein Veilchenstrauß" ("Dream Violets"), by Ern Geibet.—"Heimfahrt" ("Homeward Bound"), by J. S. Welhaven, is a breezy thought of the sea. In "Nachwirkung" ("Afterwards"), by Alfred Meissener, there is veritable pathos.—Very quaint are the words of "Die Weisses Rothe Rose" ("The Red Rose and the White Rose"), by B. Björnson; the spirit of the poetry is well conveyed in the clever translation; this song should be learnt by heart; it is in *tempo di minueto*. We have also three excellent translations from the English, No. 15, "Der Waldbach" ("Afton Waters"), one of Robert Burns' pathetic poems; "Die Schwester" ("The Sisters"), by Felicia Hemans; "Der Wachtsschuss" ("The Minute Gun"), the dramatic poetry by Thomas Moore. This album form, which is now so generally adopted by composers, is highly appreciated by amateur singers.—"Songs of the Pyrenees," with guitar accompaniments, by A. Carli, will please by their originality. "Hasta La Mañana" ("To-Morrow"), is a bright and tuneful little waltz song which will haunt the memory at all times and seasons; "La Boca de Pepita" ("Pepita's Mouth"), is of the same bright and taking type as the above; "Dodo" (a lullaby), will please young mothers; "Teresita Mia" (serenata); "Bolero" ("When Matadors are Fighting") and "Me Gustan Todas" ("The Girl with the Golden Hair") are well suited for light tenor voices, especially on the river, when the owners can play the guitar or any of the modern variations on that instrument. For maidens with voices of medium compass we have "La Gitana" ("The Gipsy"), "Fandango," and "Don Fernando." We can cordially recommend these "Songs of the Pyrenees" to all singers in search of something new and original.—Three songs written and composed by Fergus Hume and Charles Willeby are well calculated for drawing-room execution; they are "My Other Self" a thrilling love ditty for a tenor voice; "Longing for Thee," of the same tender type; and "At Even," a serenade, the like of which we have met with many a time before.—"Snow May Drift" ("Mag da draussen Schnee sich Thürmen"), poetry by Heine, English translation by "M.M.H.," music by Cécile S. Hartog, and "Love Voices" ("Liebes Predigt"), ably translated from the German by Theo. Marzials, and set to appropriate music by Halldan Kjerulf, are also songs of the tender passion, which will please whenever they are well sung.—"A Moonlit Lake," words by Jetty Vogel, music by Frank L. Moir, is a dreamy and taking ballad, published in three keys.—Two neat pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room by Hermann Papendieck are "Canzonetta," *feuillet d'album*, and "Deuxième Menuet," scherzo.



ARTHUR B. FORWOOD, M.P.
Parliamentary Secretary

ELLIS ASHMEAD BARKLETT, M.P.
Civil Lord

EVAN MACGREGOR, C.B.
Permanent Secretary

CAPT. F. T. W. BEDFORD, C.B.
Junior Naval Lord

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN O. HOPKINS
Controller

REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY FAIRFAX, C.B.
Second Naval Lord

ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD
VESSEY HAMILTON, K.C.B.
First Naval Lord

THE RIGHT HON. LORD
GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P.
First Lord

THE ADMIRALTY BOARD SITTING AT WHITEHALL

THE ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL

"SEE under Ripley rise a new Whitehall" sang Pope in the "Dunciad," and to frequenters of Spring Gardens, and the parts thereunto adjacent, it must be evident that the "most ugly pile" erected by the much-abused Ripley in 1722 is, in its turn, about to succumb to a more modern, and, it may be hoped, a more comely rival. The sound of the mason's pick, the choking dust, possessing a power of penetration which would make the fortune of an inventor of warlike missiles, and the closing up of the familiar bolt-hole into the Mall bear witness that the rebuilding of the Admiralty Office has come within measurable distance of fulfilment.

The present Admiralty Office, which must not be confounded with the old Navy Office in Whitefriars, familiar to readers of Pepys, and which was appropriated to the use of the Commissioners of the Navy Board, a body distinct from, and subordinate to, the Lord High Admiral, or the Commissioners for executing that office, occupies the site on which formerly stood Wallingford House, the residence of the Duke of Buckingham. It was rebuilt, as already stated, in 1722, the mahogany for the doors being brought from the West Indies by a sloop of war specially sent out for that purpose; from the comments of the Press of that day the wood appears to have been considered unusually rare and valuable.

In 1760 an attempt was made to remedy the defect caused by the disproportionate height of the stone columns which support the porch by erecting the dolphin-surmounted screen, familiar to every Londoner; the architects were the brothers Adam, the "Adelphi," who have left their mark on other and adjacent parts of London. The engraving bearing the scroll, "The Admiralty Office," shows the building as it appeared before the erection of the screen; it is a reproduction of a print published in 1731.

Of all the many rooms of which the present building, considerably enlarged from its original dimensions, consists, there are only two which can claim to possess any considerable public interest.

One is a small apartment, now used as an office, on the left of the passage leading to the principal staircase. In its present condition it could scarcely present a more commonplace appearance; yet it was on this room and its contents that the thoughts of most English-speaking men and women were concentrated on the night of January 8th, 1806, for here the body of Nelson lay awaiting the final removal on the morrow to St. Paul's Cathedral. In the entrance hall stands the original plaster cast of the statue in Trafalgar Square, executed by E. H. Bailey, R.A., in 1844.

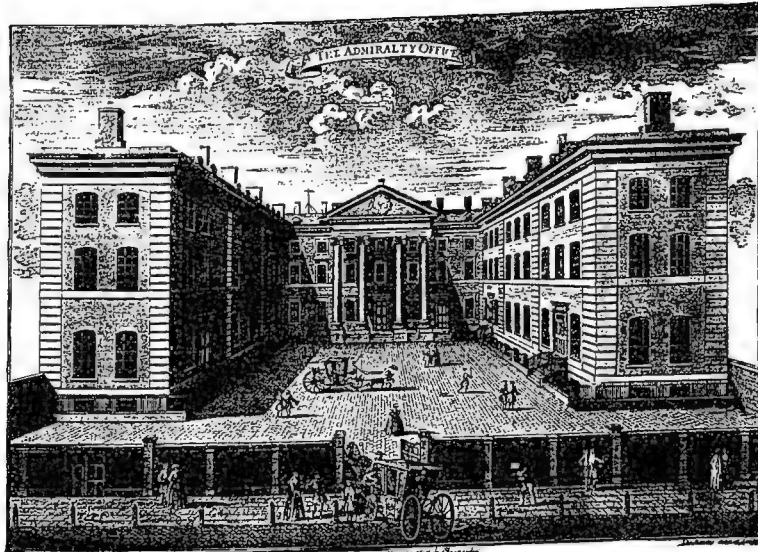
The Board Room is the one other which cannot fail to awaken general interest. Of this room, too, "counterfeit presentments" are given: one shows the Board of 1808 assembled in solemn conclave, the members being Lords Mulgrave, Gambier, and Palmerston, Sir R. Bickerton, Mr. W. Johnstone Hope, Mr. Robert Ward, Mr. James Buller, and the Secretaries. The second engraving shows the existing Board, presided over by Lord George Hamilton, who is supported by his naval colleagues Admirals Sir Vesey Hamilton, K.C.B., Henry Fairfax, C.B. J. O. Hopkins, and Captain Bedford, C.B., and also by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P., and Mr. MacGregor, C.B., the Permanent Secretary.

In the decoration and furniture of the room, there are not wanting objects replete with artistic and historical significance. The ceiling

links which puzzle the naval historian of the present day would be welded into the chain if those walls had been endowed with phonographic power, and could reproduce the discussions which have taken place within their bounds—how many a proud record of victory and discovery has been unfolded there!

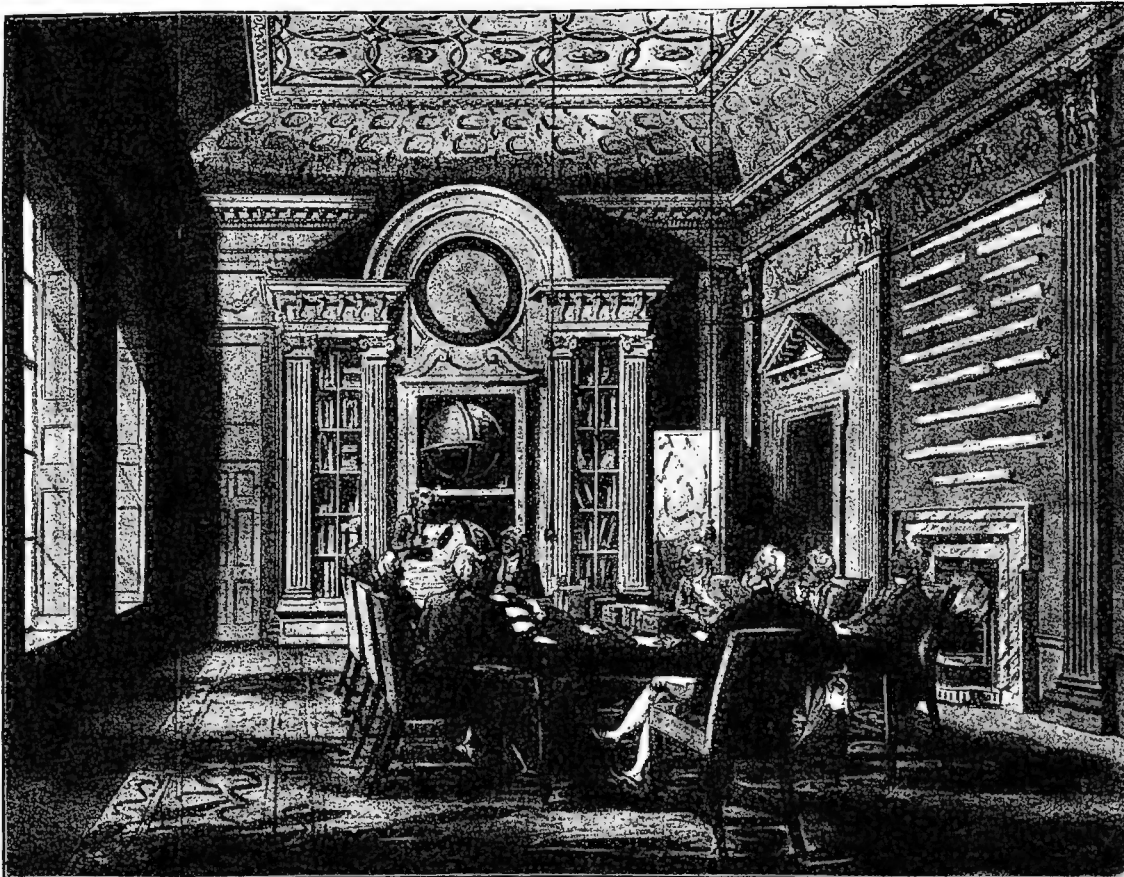
Nor do we think that the Board now in power need fear com-

trust reposed in him; while Sir Vesey Hamilton's statesmanlike conduct of the delicate negotiations devolving upon him while Commander-in-Chief on the China Station, and the successful inauguration by Admiral Fairfax of the policy of Australian Federation, have shown that they are no unworthy successors of those bygone heroes who knew how to conquer by the tongue and by the pen as well as by the sword.

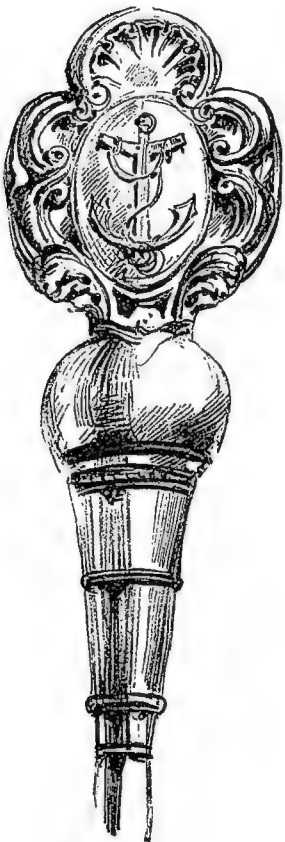


EXTERIOR OF THE ADMIRALTY IN 1731
From an old print published at the time

parison with those of bygone days. The evidence laid before the country shows that the Navy has prospered mightily while under their charge; if much remains to be done, they have already a



THE ADMIRALTY BOARD-ROOM IN 1803
From an old print published at the time



ADMIRALTY MACE

is richly moulded after the fashion of the time, while the exquisite oak carving, allegorical of the sea and its surroundings, proclaims itself the work of Grinling Gibbons. There stands also a clock presented by Queen Anne, while on a side table lies the Gilt Badge worn by the Admiralty Barge-master, who had charge of the five barges used on occasions of State, their last appearance in public being at the opening of the Coal Exchange by the Prince Consort, and the Verge or Mace formerly used by the hall porters when inducting newly-appointed Members of the Board. On the walls hang two sea pictures by Vandewelde, a portrait of King William IV. by Sir William Beechey, and one of Lord Nelson by Leonardo Guzzardi, the last-named picture having been painted for Sir W. Hamilton in 1799. It is a full-length portrait, Nelson being depicted wearing the diamond aigrette presented to him by the Sultan.

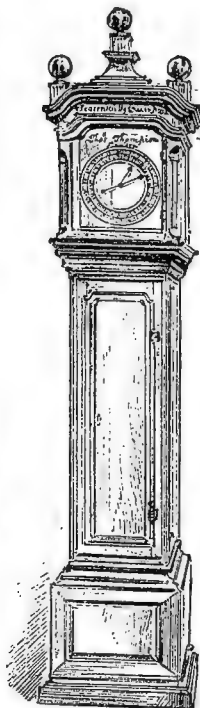
In this room has met the Board which, with two brief intervals more than a century apart, has been invested with the government of the Navy since the Revolution. The associations of such a room

cannot but be felt by those who now assemble within it, charged with the government of the Queen's Navy. How many missing

proud record to show. The imposing spectacle of the Naval Review would have been an impossibility, or at least a mere sham, a few years ago, while year by year officers and men are acquiring, by means of the summer manœuvres instituted by the present Board, practical and invaluable experience of the complicated machines which constitute the battle-ship of the day. Nor does the strength of the Board lie solely in practical knowledge. Lord George Hamilton, though still a young man, has in his time done yeoman's service in more than one department of State, and more than justified the high



ADMIRALTY BADGE



ADMIRALTY CLOCK PRESENTED BY QUEEN ANNE

RECENT POETRY

It is impossible to deny that Mr. James Henderson, in his volume of verse, "Glimpses of the Beautiful" (Henderson and Co., Glasgow), shows much facility of expression, and commands a ready flow of language. Occasionally, however, possibly through the fervour of inspiration, sound appears to have an undue advantage over sense. For example, we find:—

How beautiful! how beautiful!
Is heaven's sublime expanse,
Where stars in silent glory glide
Along their choral dance.

Though the stars may, as Mr. Henderson says, be "like things of living bliss," "gliding along," a dance, even "a choral dance," must be difficult to them, and is a thing not easily to be understood by mortals. Two of the poems begin "To Thee, O thou," an opening which, with all due deference to the author, we do not like. Still the verse does not jolt. It goes along at a good pace, the poet having his own way of making things smooth for his feet. We may cite one verse more from a composition written in praise of the Seasons:—

And thou hast joy, O Winter,
In thy triumphant time.
For tones are in thy tempests
Of majesty sublime;
While waiting storms with accents
Of dread and ravage roam
Far o'er the wasted moorland,
Far o'er the ocean foam.

Where the suggestion of joy is in the last four lines we fail to discern.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has included in his "Cameo Series" "Iphigenia in Delphi: a Dramatic Poem," with Homer's "Shield of Achilles," and other translations from the Greek by Mr. Richard Garnett.

Messrs. Routledge have added to their well-known Pocket Library "Longfellow's Translation of Dante's Inferno." There is a table of contents, the lines are numbered, and copious elucidatory notes are given at the end of the book. The text is printed in clear, neat type, pleasant for reading.

PEOPLE WITH SMALL MEANS IN CANTON BASLE need no longer fear their doctor's bills. The Cantonal Council have decided that all citizens whose annual income falls below 60*l.* are entitled to medical attendance at the Government expense for not more than six months in the year. The Canton will pay for medicines, baths, and everything required for the course of treatment.

TOURISTS IN SWITZERLAND during the coming summer will find the journey to Chamouni much shortened. A railway from Geneva to Cluses was opened on June 1st, and thence a line of steam trams carries the travellers right into Chamouni. Hitherto the journey from Geneva to Chamouni by diligence has occupied ten hours, but by the new line the distance may be accomplished in little over four hours.

CENTRAL AFRICA. — Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have published a new edition (price one shilling) of their Map of Central Africa, which will enable those who are interested to follow without difficulty the route taken by Mr. Stanley in his recent Expedition, and which also shows the various zones respectively under French, Portuguese, and German influence. The map, which is full of names, and is very clearly engraved, extends across the whole width of Africa, from 7 deg. N. to about 22 deg. S. latitude.

CIGARETTE-SMOKING AMONGST YOUNG BOYS has become so common in the United States, that a widespread movement is being organised to put down the habit. New York State has passed a law prohibiting children under sixteen from smoking, while Maryland and Illinois are endeavouring to induce dealers to pledge themselves not to sell cigarettes or tobacco to minors.

A SPECIAL UNIFORM FOR NEWSPAPER REPORTERS is suggested in Brussels in order to prevent any repetition of the rough treatment of the journalists when witnessing Mr. Stanley's arrival. It is pointed out with some truth that at present the police or soldiers have no means of distinguishing the reporters from idle sight-seers, and thus prevent them from carrying out their calling. The Belgian journals favour a somewhat military uniform for the Press representatives, including a handsomely-frogged tunic.

GENERAL BOULANGER does not anticipate quitting Jersey at present, judging by his preparations for a long sojourn. He has moved from his hotel into a charming villa, "St. Brelades," overlooking a picturesque bay, and surrounded by large grounds, with conservatories, stables, &c. The villa belongs to a rich Frenchman, who fitted up the rooms in most luxurious style, besides collecting artistic treasures of all kinds, priceless pictures, marbles, bronzes, &c. General Boulanger leads a very secluded life, and is rarely seen in the Jersey streets.

A SACRED PORRIDGE is eaten solemnly by the Chinese Emperor and Court once a year, on the anniversary of the day when Buddha perfected his doctrines and gave them to the world. Certain Llamas living at Pekin concoct the porridge of beans, rice, fruits, &c.—eight ingredients altogether—and receive a present of 500 taels in return. A few weeks ago, the *North China Herald* tells us, two high officers took the money to the Llamas and inspected the porridge, which was then poured into a wooden pail, gilded inside, and covered with a piece of yellow satin embroidered with gold dragons. The officers carried the pail into the Palace, where the Emperor and State officials consumed the porridge with much ceremony.



FROM THE PICTURE BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MARYLEBONE CRICKET CLUB

CRICKET AT MOULSEY HURST

THE GRAPHIC



THE prospects of European peace have been set forward in the most hopeful light at the meeting of the Joint Delegations in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. Both the Austrian Emperor and his Premier dwelt with especial emphasis on the continuance of the Triple Alliance, unshaken by recent changes, and their declarations have created a most favourable impression. In his Speech from the Throne, the Emperor remarked "Our friendly relations with all Powers confirm my hope that we may continue to enjoy the blessings of peace. In a vigorous union with our allies, and the unreserved co-operation in our common work of peace, I find the best guarantee for the success of my endeavours to promote the national well-being and prosperity." His Majesty added, moreover, that the Empire must not remain behind her allies in armaments, but must continue her "precautionary military measures"—a plain hint that Parliament will be asked for fresh army credits. Finally he alluded to the progress in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the revenue now covers the expenses. When holding afterwards an informal reception of the delegates, the Emperor spoke freely of the German-Czech reconciliation, "which," he exclaimed, "I tell you, must succeed." Count Kalnoky further developed his master's views on addressing the Budget Committee of the Delegation, declaring that "our relations with our allies have never been so settled, plain, and open as now. This I attribute to the German Emperor, whose influence is so great that not even the retirement of Prince Bismarck has altered the firmly-based relations of the two countries." Speaking of Bulgaria, the Minister praised the shrewdness and progress of the Principality, where Prince Ferdinand and his Government were becoming firmly established. The future of Bulgaria lay in her own hands, and depended on her resisting a policy of adventure. The non-recognition of Prince Ferdinand had nothing to do with the Panitza plot, which was an exotic growth. Serbia met with a severe rebuke, the Count stating that, while the Government made professions of amity, its strength had diminished, and the Radical influences threatened to impair the friendly relations with Austria. He warned the kingdom that it was neither independent nor strong enough to seek out foreign difficulties. The Delegations are now considering the War Budget, with much severe criticism on the increased expenses.

In GERMANY, too, some opposition is springing up to the enormous cost of large armaments. When first introduced, the Army Bill was generally approved, but now that the demands are more generally known, General Caprivi has been obliged to impress the Deputies with the necessity of the measure. The Finance and War Ministers pointed out that even the proposed additions will not raise the German army to the same numerical footing as the forces of other Powers, and the Chancellor plainly declared that the plans were not new, but were those of his predecessor, Prince Bismarck. He acknowledged that the Prince's retirement had complicated matters, but it must have ensued sooner or later. Prince Bismarck, by the way, continues to embarrass the Government by his too frank opinions and, though the Emperor refused to interfere openly in the matter, a Confidential Note has been sent to the German Representatives abroad, pointing out that the ex-Chancellor's views are purely personal and not official. The Prince's policy respecting the passport system on the Alsatian frontier is also maintained, for General Caprivi informed the Reichstag that the present rules could not be abolished, under penalty of exposing Germany to the macination of French and other foreign spies. The regulations would, however, be applied more mildly, as all efforts must be made to maintain the recent improvement in the relations between France and Germany. Thus German official declarations reflect the general tendency to promote European amity, and the warm reception given to the Prince of Naples at Berlin is another proof of Teutonic devotion to the Triple Alliance. Determined not to remain behind the Czar in cordiality, Emperor William has shown unusual honour to the Italian Prince, treating him as a Sovereign. His Majesty's present sympathy for England alone keeps the Germans from expressing their bitterness on the East African question. The Anglo-German negotiations being still delayed through Sir Percy Anderson's continued absence, Colonial enthusiasts are pointing out that Germany would be better off without any official settlement of territory, for, if possession of a district enforces the claim, Germany has ample power in East Africa to occupy the disputed points. The *National Zeitung*, evidently inspired by the Director of the German East African Company, insists that Germany has every right to the unoccupied region, or *hinterland*, from her coast-line up to the Congo State, including the country west of the Nyassa and Victoria Nyanza, with the kingdom of Uganda, which Dr. Peters has just claimed. According, however, to the rumoured details of the arrangement between the two countries, this territory will be divided by a line across the Victoria Nyanza from about 1 deg. south of the Equator to the Congo frontier, and the Germans will take the southern portion, while England keeps the northern. England would have the right of constructing and using a road from the Victoria Nyanza to Tanganyika, and would control the Stevenson road from the latter Lake to Lake Nyassa, the region round Lake Bangweolo, and the Urungu territory. The Germans would cede all rights to Witu besides Dr. Peters' claims, including Uganda. Meanwhile, Major Wissmann, who has reached Cairo on his way home, considers that England and Germany need not quarrel over Africa, as there is room enough for both. He points out that though much has been done to check the slave-trade it can only be suppressed by permanently occupying the coast.

FRANCE is beginning to express less intemperate opinions on the NEWFOUNDLAND Fisheries' dispute. The French public prefer compromise to arbitration, though gratified that the British Government should be disposed to accept the latter suggestion. Many people share the ideas of the *Economiste Français*, that if the irritated Newfoundlanders demanded annexation to the United States, that Power would turn out the French with neither ceremony nor compensation. In view of such a contingency, it would be more profitable to accept a compromise, such as a rectification of the Anglo-French frontier in Gambia, and England's surrender of her privilege of treatment as the most favoured nation in Tunis. Whilst the excitement has thus calmed down in France, the situation is not so strained in Newfoundland, now that the fishery-season is nearly over and the French fishing-boats are leaving the coast. But the Newfoundlanders are as determined as ever to enforce their claims. The French position in their second difficulty with England—the Egyptian question—was clearly defined by the Foreign Minister in the Chamber, when replying to an interpellation on the Conversion Scheme. He explained that France was bound to agree to the Conversion in the interests of Egypt, but she delayed her consent until negotiations between the Sultan and England gave hopes that the English would fix a date for the evacuation. In order to keep England to her engagements, France placed restrictions on the use of the money saved, wishing it to be devoted to the increase of the Egyptian army for defence. She felt that, now order was restored, England ought to fulfil her promise of retiring, for she could not be permitted to establish herself in Egypt. The French Government

held the flag of old France high in Egypt; and, while anxious for a good understanding with England, they would continue steadily to remind her of her pledges. Another lively Parliamentary debate was raised over the release of "M. d'Orléans," as a Radical Deputy styled him; and the arguments brought forward against showing clemency to a Royal pretender without similar favour to offenders of the working classes were powerful enough to produce a decree pardoning seventy-two persons implicated in the strike movement. Meanwhile the Royalists exult in effusive messages of thanks from the young Duc, who attributes their devotion as truly intended for his father, "the representative of that principle which made France a nation, and will yet prove her salvation." In PARIS the Grand Prix will be contested to-morrow (Sunday).

The National Congress movement in INDIA seems to be supported better by words than deeds. Though Madras had promised 6,000 rupees to the funds, none of the money has been paid, and Bombay is equally dilatory. Indeed, the Secretary announces that the work must be stopped if contributions are not forthcoming at once, as the expenses of the deputation to England are so heavy. Moreover, whilst they demand a larger share in public affairs, the natives do not take advantage of their present opportunities. Thus the Municipal Committees in the Punjab are so indifferent about their duties that many have been abolished altogether. Fresh memorials are preparing against the income-tax in Bengal, but Bombay is more concerned about her crops, which have profited by splendid rains. The rural police in Bengal are so inefficient that 70 per cent. of the serious crimes escape unpunished. Now in BURMA they show too much zeal, often persecuting prisoners and witnesses to obtain conviction.

In the UNITED STATES the Silver Bill prepared by the Republican Caucus has passed the House of Representatives, and, from present appearances, enjoys a good prospect of being accepted by the Senate with some modifications. This measure—proposed by Mr. McKinley—enacts that the Treasury shall purchase monthly 900,000 l. worth of silver bullion, to be paid for by notes, which shall be legal tender in all cases. These notes can be exchanged for silver bullion at the market price of the day, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, and can be re-issued and reckoned as Bank reserves. When the price of silver rises to a dollar for 371.25 grains, or about 5s. per oz., free coinage will be introduced, any owner of bullion being entitled to take it to the Mint for coinage into standard dollars for his benefit. The bullion redemption clause will be the great difficulty with the Senate, which meantime continues to discuss its own proposal on the subject, the Jones Silver Bill. Another measure of interest to English people is the Bill for prohibiting aliens to own lands in the United States, just reported to the Lower House. European noblemen, chiefly English, now own twenty-one million acres in the States, without estimating the vast amount held by untitled aliens. There is a long list of disasters—fatal storms in the Western States, several railway accidents, including a collision where fifteen horses and seven grooms were killed on their way to the races, and a Cheyenne Indian raid on a surveyor's camp at Wyoming, when the drunken braves killed four whites. Government cruisers will shortly have plenty to do on the contested fishery grounds. Sealers from British Columbia are determined to carry off their catches from Behring Sea, despite all American revenue vessels, and have arranged that a swift steamer shall be stationed at Sandpoint, one of the Aleutian Islands, to receive the sealskins and take them to Victoria, distancing all pursuit by her superior speed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—PORTUGAL will not admit foreign enterprise within her African possessions. National steamship lines are to be established between Lisbon and the colonies, while the coming railway between Mossamedes and the Chella Highlands on the West African coast will be constructed and managed by Portuguese alone.—BULGARIA fully expects that Prince Ferdinand will commute the sentences in the Panitza trial. The eight accused who were expelled from the country after acquittal have settled in SERBIA to organise a movement for the "liberation of Bulgaria." The Servians are occupied in suppressing the Arnaut raids from Macedonia, several massacres of Christians having ensued.—Now that the Powers have sanctioned the Conversion Scheme in EGYPT, the Khédive has issued the decree for carrying out the operation.



THE Royal party at Balmoral decreases gradually. The Duke of Edinburgh left for town at the end of last week, followed on Wednesday by the Duchess and her little daughter, but Princess Beatrice with her children and the young Prince and Princesses of Connaught still remain with the Queen. A few visitors have been received at the Castle, the Rev. J. McGregor arriving on Saturday, and dining with Her Majesty. Next morning, he officiated at Divine Service, the Royal party attending. The Queen and Princess Beatrice continue their daily drives, and have been through Braemar to Glencallater and round the Lion's Face.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess Victoria, were at the Opera on Saturday night. Next morning the Princess and daughters went to church, and on Monday the Prince presided at a Committee Meeting of the Burnham-Thorpe Church Restoration Fund, while the Duc d'Orléans lunched at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, with the young Princesses, spent the afternoon at the Horse Show, and went to the French Plays in the evening. On Tuesday the Prince left town for Easton Lodge, Dunmow, to stay with Lord and Lady Brooke, and next day visited the Essex Agricultural Society's Show at Chelmsford. The Prince afterwards returned to town, where the Princess on Thursday was present at a *matinée* at the Meistersingers' Club in aid of the Hospital for Women and Children, Waterloo Road. After the Prince has held a Levée, next Monday, he will accompany the Princess and family to Sunningdale Park for Ascot. The Prince and Princess will review the Windsor Garrison and the Eton Volunteers in Windsor Park on the 23rd inst., returning to town for the Hon. Mrs. Percy Mitford's ball in the evening. Their visit to the Paddington Recreation Grounds is fixed for July 5th.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale rejoined his regiment at York on Saturday.—Prince George of Wales met with such rough weather in the Bay of Biscay that he was obliged to put into Ferrol with the *Thrush* for a few days, not reaching Gibraltar till Monday.

The Duke of Edinburgh presided on Saturday night at the dinner of the officers of the Royal Marines. He will open the Folkestone Victoria Jubilee Hospital on July 4th.—Princess Christian was at Hackney Wick on Saturday to lay the foundation-stone of the new Eton Mission Church. On Tuesday she presided at the annual Sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington.—Princess Louise on Monday opened a Sale at the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Holloway, in aid of the Children's Seaside Holiday Fund. On Wednesday she attended the Court of the Governors of the Victoria Hospital for Children, and next day opened a Bazaar at the Kensington Town Hall in aid of the Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution. On July 1st the Princess will open the new Institute connected with St. Peter's, Eaton Square.—The Duchess of Albany visited her husband's tomb in the Albert

Memorial Chapel, Windsor, on Monday, afterwards going to the Tapestry Works; while on Tuesday she went to the Jubilee Garden Party of the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, Walton-on-Thames.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught were to sail from Quebec for home on Thursday, after spending their last few days in Canada fishing with Lord and Lady Stanley at Metapedia.



THE OPERA.—Twelve performances have been given at Covent Garden during the past fortnight, and for the most part very large audiences have been attracted. On Wednesday last week *Carmen* and on Thursday *Lohengrin* were repeated. On Friday *Lucia* was given, with Madame Melba as the heroine, the Australian soprano's beautiful voice being heard to particular advantage in the scene of Lucy's madness.

Die Meistersinger was revived on Saturday, with (save as to the remarkably fine Eva of Madame Tavaré) a cast which was practically identical with that of last season. M. Jean de Reszké was again the Walther, M. Lassalle the Hans Sachs, and M. Isnardon the Beckmesser. Better representatives of these parts could hardly be desired. The cuts were far fewer than before, and the performance consequently lasted nearly five hours. Except that the orchestra was again too loud, the representation was one of the finest ever given in this country.

Les Huguenots was again performed on Monday, this time with Madame Nordica, an excellent representative of Valentina, the Raoul being Signor Ravelli, the St. Bris M. Lassalle, and the De Nevers M. Winogradow.

On Tuesday *Lohengrin* was performed, Madame Melba, for the first time this season, undertaking the part of Elsa, a rôle to which her unimpassioned style is peculiarly appropriate. Although M. Jean de Reszké was officially apologised for on the ground of indisposition, a reservation which was hardly required, the brothers De Reszké were again magnificent representatives of *Lohengrin* and the King. On Wednesday *Don Giovanni* was announced, with the same cast as that associated with it last week.

"JOAN."—A comic opera *Joan; or, The Brigands of Bluegoria*, by Messrs. Robert Martin and Ernest Ford, was produced by a party of amateurs at the Opéra Comique on Monday. The libretto, in which some cowardly brigands, certain very feminine Amazons, a comic policeman, a society tenor who envies the peaceful and placid life of a brigand's captive, and other characters figure, is more or less a reflex of the topsy-turvy style of Mr. Gilbert. The music, on the other hand, though not strikingly original and wholly unpretentious, is often melodious, and always tasteful, while some charming dresses have been designed by Mr. Percy Anderson. The chief parts, and indeed even the choruses, were sung by ladies and gentlemen well known in society, but as the performance was for a charity it must be exempt from criticism. A special success was, however, gained by that capital singer and comedian, Mr. Bispham. Lady Augusta Fane and Mr. Charles Colnaghi executed a graceful dance in the first act, and in the second a *pas de deux* was very prettily danced by two of the youthful daughters of Mr. Savile Clark, and was twice encored.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The final evening Philharmonic Concert was given on Thursday last week. In regard to the more familiar items of the programme a capital rendering, under Mr. Cowen, was afforded of Bach's concerto in G, one of the set composed in 1721, and already well known to London audiences, and of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Macbeth* overture. Beethoven's E flat concerto was played in sound and conscientious style by Signor Buonamici, an Italian pupil of Dr. Von Bülow. Signor Buonamici at first appeared to be somewhat lacking in power, but he has a beautiful touch, his *technique*, apart from a few slips in the *finale*, was excellent, and his reading of the concerto throughout showed a high standard of intellectuality. M. Moszkowski's orchestral suite in G minor was new to England. It is in six well-contrasted movements, including a prelude and fugue, a scherzo and a march, but the work as a whole is too long, and it is more commendable as a piece of clever orchestration than as abstract music. Miss Lena Little and Mr. Max Heinrich were the vocalists, the gentleman earning a double recall for a magnificent delivery of Schubert's "Allmacht" as scored by Liszt.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The concerts of the week, which have numbered nearly sixty, are too numerous for us to afford space for details. Among them may, however, be mentioned that on Monday of Madame Sophie Menter, who had on the previous night injured her finger while playing before the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Russian Embassy, but who gave a vigorous performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 109, and who also was heard in a selection from the music of Rubinstein, Liszt, Chopin, and others.—Señor Albeniz has also given his first recital.—Señor Sarasate gave his first chamber concert on Saturday afternoon, a not very interesting programme including Schubert's Fantasia, Op. 159, and duets by Raff and St. Saëns, in which he was associated with Madame Berthe Marx.—Mlle. Kleeberg gave her first recital on Saturday, and was heard at her best in Beethoven's variations on a theme from the "Eroica" Symphony and in Schumann's "Kinderscenen."—At the Richter Concert on Monday, three pieces by Wagner were performed, but there were no novelties.—M. Paderewski, on Tuesday, gave his first orchestral concert, when he produced a new concerto in A minor by himself, and performed M. St. Saëns' concerto in C minor and Liszt's "Fantaisie Hongroise." M. Paderewski's concerto is essentially Polish, and it may fairly be described as music such as Chopin might have written if he could have known and accepted the modern style of elaborate orchestration. The first movement, and a somewhat rhapsodical Romanza which forms the slow movement, pleased better than a feeble *finale*.—Among the other concert-givers of the week have been Madame Frickenhauf, the Musical Guild, Miss Kühe, Mr. Leo Stern, Signor Giambattista, the popular French pianist Madame Roger Miclos, and Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse.

NOTES AND NEWS.—M. Jean de Reszké has signed an engagement with Mr. Harris for next season at Covent Garden. He has resigned his position at the Paris Opera, a course in which he has been followed by M. Edouard de Reszké and Madame Melba.—Madame Patti is said to be much better, and hopes to resume her concerts at the Albert Hall on the 28th inst.—Mr. Leonard Borwick, the young English pupil of Madame Schumann, has been engaged by Mr. Chappell for the Popular Concerts.—Madames Nordica, Valleria, and Patey, and Mr. Lloyd will take part in a Festival Service to be held on the 10th prox. at Westminster Abbey in aid of the Royal Society of Musicians.

BRIGHTON is planning a third pier, at the foot of the Old Steyne, between the West and the Chain Piers. The new structure will completely eclipse its predecessors, for it will comprise a pavilion for 1,500 persons, to be devoted to daily high-class, vocal, and instrumental concerts, reading and smoking rooms, and dining and grill rooms—in fact a copy of the Continental Kursaal or Casino.

BRITISH NAVAL AND MILITARY MEDALS

THE custom of issuing medals to all ranks of the service did not come into vogue until Her Majesty ascended the Throne—with one exception, that of Waterloo. A general war medal was issued by command of Her Majesty in an Order from the Horse Guards, dated June 1st, 1847, to all those engaged in her Fleet and Armies in any battle or siege during the wars from 1793 to the end of 1814, whether officers, non-commissioned officers, private soldiers, or seamen. The Queen thus repaired the omission of her predecessors by conferring a long and anxiously-coveted honour.

The following were issued from time to time by command of Her Majesty to commemorate memorable events during her reign:—

ARCTIC (Silver).—Two of these have been issued; the first (octagonal, and the only one of this shape) for the years 1818 to 1855, designed by L. C. Wyon; the second (circular) for the years 1855-6, designed by G. G. Adams.

CHINA, 1842 (Silver).—The original design for this medal was not adopted, as the subject for the reverse, "representing the British Lion trampling on the Dragon," was considered too offensive to the feelings of a conquered people; so the present medal, designed by W. Wyon, R.A., was ultimately struck. The same medal was granted for the Chinese War of 1856 to 1860, omitting the date 1842. Clasps were also issued. The clasp, "China, 1842," was given only to the recipient of the first medal who had also been engaged in the second war (Fig. 1).

JELLALABAD, 1842 (Silver).—Distributed by the Governor-General of India to all who belonged to the garrison of Jellalabad on April 7th, 1842, also to the 13th Light Infantry. The ribbon, expressly made for the purpose, is supposed to represent the rays of the rising sun, and is now known as the "rainbow" ribbon. This

BURMAH, 1852-3, 1885-7 (Silver).—The second Burmese War lasted from March, 1852, to June, 1853. On its conclusion the Indian Government granted the medal designed by L. C. Wyon. In the exergue will be noticed the lotus, emblematic of India. Consequently, it is now known as the "Indian Medal." The clasp "Pegu" was also added. For the War of 1885-7 the same medal was given, those already in possession of one having the clasp "Burma, 1885-7" added (Fig. 4).

CAPE, 1834-5, 1846-7, 1850-3 (Silver), for Kaffir Wars. Designed by L. C. Wyon. No clasp was given with this medal for any of the actions fought between 1834 and 1853.

CRIMEA, 1854-6 (Silver).—Medal, designed by W. Wyon. Was conferred upon all officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates engaged in this campaign. Clasps (Fig. 5) were distributed to those who took part in the several actions. A number of war medals were also presented to the British troops by the Governments of our allies, the French, Sardinians, and Turks.

BALTIC, 1854-5 (Silver), designed by L. C. Wyon. No clasps were issued with this medal.

INDIAN MUTINY, 1857-8 (Silver), designed by L. C. Wyon. Five clasps were added: the first to the troops employed in the assault and capture of Delhi; the second to all the defenders of Lucknow under Major-General Inglis, Sir Henry Havelock, and Sir James Outram; the third, relief of Lucknow, to the troops engaged in the operations against that place under the command of Lord Clyde; the fourth, "Lucknow," was awarded to the force engaged in the final capture of the town under the immediate command of his lordship in March, 1858, and all operations connected with it; and the fifth, "Central India," was given to the several columns under the command of Major-Generals Sir Hugh Rose, G.C.B., Roberts, and Whitlock (Fig. 6).

PERAK, 1875-6 (Silver).—Medal known as "Indian Pattern," with it a clasp (Fig. 10).

JOWAKI, 1877-8 (Silver).—Medal known as "Indian Pattern," with it a clasp (Fig. 11).

SOUTH AFRICA, 1877-8-9 (Silver).—Designed by L. C. Wyon. This medal is similar to the Cape Medal, only crossed assegais and a shield are substituted for the date. Given to troops acting against the Kaffir tribes from September, 1877 to June, 1878—the Pokwane, January, 1878; the Griquas, April to November, 1878; and Sekukuni in the same year; also, the Zulus from January to September; Sekukuni, September to December, both in the year 1879, and Miroosi's stronghold. The clasps shown were given, but only one can be worn: holders of the Cape medal received clasps only (Fig. 12).

AFGHANISTAN, 1878-9-80 (Silver).—The clasps, as shown in Fig. 13, were given, but only four could be worn by any one person. A bronze star was also given for this war, on the back of which was engraved the name, rank, &c., of the recipient.

EGYPT, 1882 (Silver).—Was given for service against Arabi Pasha. Clasp "Tel-el-Kebir" to those present at that engagement, and all who took part in the midnight march from Kassassin. The Alexandrian clasp was granted to the Navy only, with the exception of Colonel A. B. Tulloch, C.B., who was present at the bombardment (Fig. 14). A bronze star, five-pointed, was also given by the Khédive for the same action.

SUAKIN, 1884 (Silver).—Same pattern as Egypt, 1882, with the date omitted. Clasp as appended. To those in possession of the Egyptian medal of 1882, clasps only were issued. The Khédive also gave a bronze star; this was identical with that issued for Egypt, 1882 (Fig. 15).

THE NILE, 1834-6, and SUAKIN (Silver).—The same medal as

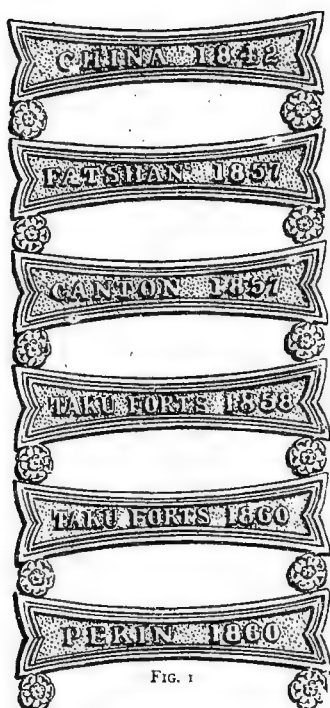


FIG. 1

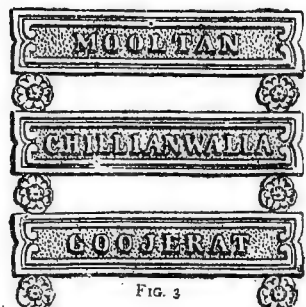


FIG. 3



FIG. 8

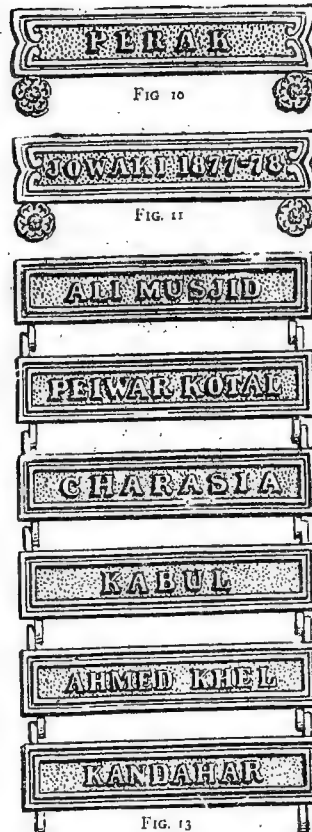


FIG. 13

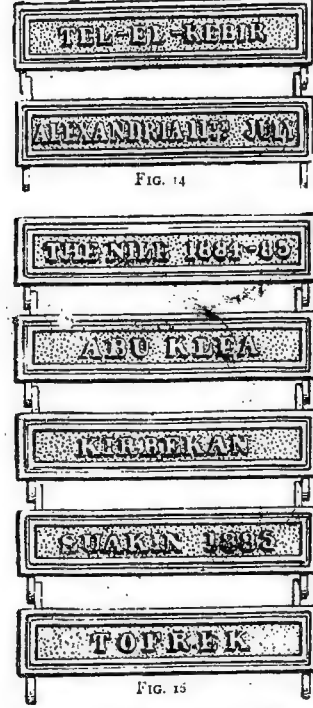


FIG. 15

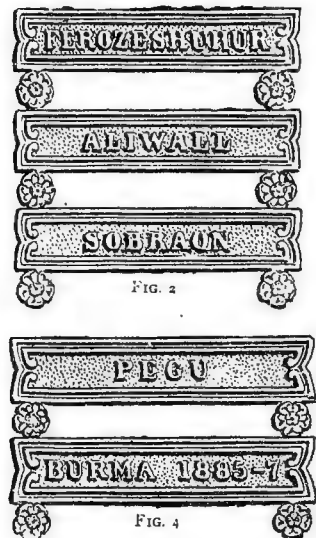


FIG. 2

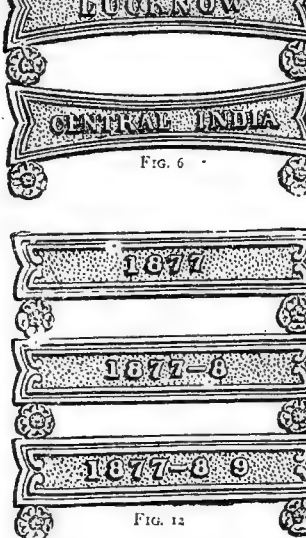


FIG. 6

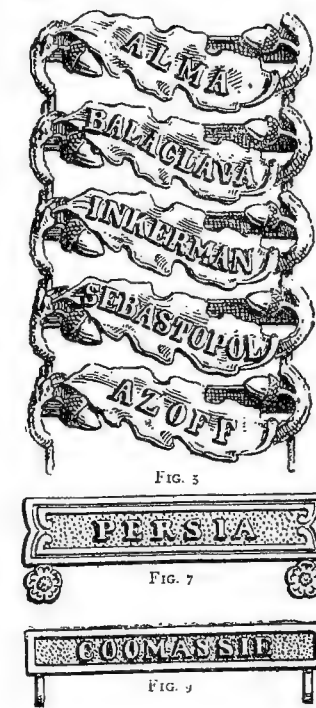


FIG. 5

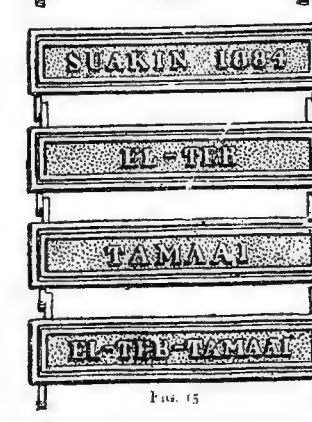


FIG. 14



FIG. 16

medal was subsequently replaced by a silver one, also designed by W. Wyon, R.A. On the obverse is the Queen's head, superscribed "Victoria Vindex." It has for reverse a figure of Victory holding the Union Jack in her left hand, with laurel wreath in her right, flying over the fortress of Jellalabad. Over all are the words, "Jellalabad VII April." In the exergue, "MDCCCXLII."

KELAT-I-GHILZIE (Afghanistan, 1842-3-4). Silver.—Granted by the Government of India.

AFGHANISTAN, 1842 (Silver).—The reverse of this medal was struck to suit the various services of the recipient. They were four in number:—(1) Inscribed "Candahar, Gruznee, Cabul, 1842," under each other, within a laurel wreath. (2) "Gruznee, Cabul," within a double wreath of laurel, with "1842" in the exergue. (3) "Candahar, 1842," within the wreath; and (4) "Cabul, 1842," also within a wreath.

SCINDE, 1843 (Silver).—Given by the Government of India. This medal has three reverses:—(1) "Meeanee, 1843;" (2) "Meeanee, Hyderabad, 1843," surmounted by a crown within a laurel wreath; (3) "Hyderabad, 1843," within a wreath.

SUTLEJ, 1845-6 (Silver).—Designed by W. Wyon, R.A. Granted by the Government of India, the words "Army of the Sutlej" being engraved round the rim, also the name of the first action at which the wearer was present. Clasps were issued for subsequent actions (Fig. 2).

PUNJAB, 1848-9 (Silver), designed by W. Wyon, R.A.—The principal figure on the reverse represents Lord Gough on an Arab charger receiving the submission of the Sikhs (Fig. 3).

GWALIOR, 1843 (Bronze star, silver centre).—Given by the Government of India to every officer and soldier engaged in the battles of Maharajpore and Punniar. The stars were made from the bronze guns captured in these battles.

PERSIA, 1856-7 (Silver).—Medal known as "Indian Pattern," clasp as shown. To those already in possession of one of these medals clasp only given (Fig. 7).

NEW ZEALAND, 1845-7, 1860-6 (Silver), designed by T. S. and A. E. Wyon.—This medal was issued at the close of the second campaign to those engaged in it and to the survivors of the first. No clasps were given.

NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA, 1849-60 (Silver).—Medal known as "Indian Pattern," granted to survivors only at date of order in 1860 for the following services:—To Eusufzye, November, 1849; to Kohat Pass, February, 1850; against the Ootman Kheyland 1849; to Ranezai tribes, May, 1852; to Punypor, Ishakoti, and Deerjai, May, 1852; against the Hussanzaies, December, 1852, to January, 1853; 1852; against the Kusranees and the Shearanees, March, 1853; and the Boree Afridees, November, 1853; to Shah Moosheh Kheyl, August, 1854; against the Aka Kheyl and Bussee Kheyl tribes, March, 1855; and Meeranzaie, April, 1855; to the Bozdar Hills, March, 1857; and against the Cabool Kheyl Wuzzeerees, December, 1859, and to the Mahsood Wuzzeerees, April, 1860, and to Eusufzye, October, 1863. This medal was subsequently granted for the following services:—Against the Mohmunds, 1863-4; Bhootan, 1864-5-6, and Hazara (1868) campaigns; expeditions to Looshai, 1868; and the Nagar Hills, 1879-80; also Burmah, 1885-7. Clasps as shown in Fig. 8.

ABYSSINIA, 1867-8 (Silver).—This, the smallest medal struck during Her Majesty's reign, was designed by J. S. and A. E. Wyon. The recipient's name, rank, &c., were engraved within the wreath on the reverse. No clasp issued.

ASHANTI, 1873-4 (Silver).—Designed by E. J. Poynter, A.R.A. With it a clasp, with the name "Coomassie," to those engaged at Amoafu, and the actions between there and Coomassie, and those who fought north of the River Prah (Fig. 9).

Egypt, 1882. Clasp as appended (Fig. 16). Clasp only given to those in possession of the Egypt, 1882, or Suakin, 1884, medal. This medal was given also for service on the Upper Nile, 1885-6, but only to those who had not received one for former occasions.

CANADA, 1885 (Silver).—No clasps.—This medal was not given for the Canadian Rebellion of 1857-8.

SOUDAN, 1888-9 (Silver).—Same as Egypt, 1882, but without date. Clasps as in Fig. 17.

BURMAH, 1885-7 (Silver).—Medal known as the "Indian pattern." To those already in possession of the latter a clasp only was given, this making the tenth clasp attached to this medal.

BURMAH, 1887-8-9 (Silver).—Same medal as above, clasps appended (Fig. 18).

FOR LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT (ARMY) (Silver).—Founded by King William IV. in July, 1830; with this, gratuities of 15*l.* to a sergeant, 10*l.* to a corporal, and 5*l.* to a private, were given. In 1860 this medal was issued without gratuities, but in 1875 the order was rescinded, and a 5*l.* gratuity was given in all cases (schoolmasters excepted). Eighteen years is the qualifying service, with an irreproachable character, possession of, or being entitled to, four good-conduct badges, and with not more than twelve entries in the defaulters' book. Boy service counts, but not Army Reserve.

FOR LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT (NAVY) (Silver).—Founded by King William IV. in 1831.

MERITORIOUS SERVICE, 1845 (Silver).—For sergeants only. Annuities not exceeding 20*l.* are given with this medal.

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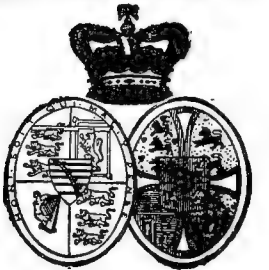
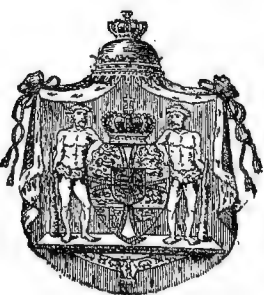
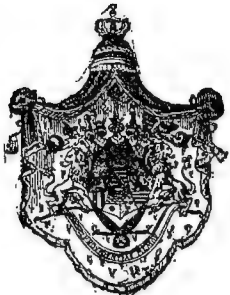
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THE SEASON.—The rain, which was much wanted, has now fallen, though some few hundred thousands would probably have preferred the downpour on some other than the Derby Day. May, however, had given us but 1.43 inches of rainfall, and the extra inch which has been registered since the end of the month was in nine counties out of ten a real requirement. The sunshine since June came in has not been too strong or too hot, and the night temperature remains low for the time of year. Thus vegetation, while presenting a very healthy aspect, has not required wet ground, and is still a fortnight behind the date of an average season. It is a good year for birds, though curiously enough the nightingale is scarcer than usual. But blackbirds are wonderfully vocal, and the thrush sings before daylight, and again long after the sun has gone down. Presumably an afternoon siesta is enjoyed between two and five, for during these three hours we hear no song birds at all—only the wandering cuckoo. The hedgerows this year are very thick with may, and the chestnuts have flowered luxuriantly, both the white and the red varieties. The laburnums have also been particularly rich in their yellow bloom. It is unfortunate to have to record a good deal of trouble in the orchard, where blight has fallen upon many of the pear and plum trees, while caterpillars are eating up the leaves of the apples.

THE APPROACHING PLYMOUTH SHOW (June 21st to 27th) derives a good deal of its interest from the fact that it is a quarter of a century since the Royal Society penetrated so far into "the remote wild west." The show of horses will be a very good one, which is just what is wanted to encourage the already developing taste for horse-breeding west of the Exe. Since the last Show at Plymouth the Royal have divided their former prize list of 160*l.* for agricultural horses into two lists, one of 230*l.* for Shire horses, and one of 165*l.* for Clydesdales. There is a gratifying increase in the total amount awarded. The only complaint which we have heard is that in visiting a district where the breeding of cobs and ponies is a great speciality, the amount of prize-money might with advantage have been raised, not from 40*l.* to 55*l.*, as is actually the case, but to 120*l.* or 160*l.* The attendance at this Show will include a number of French agriculturists, who have been tempted by the proximity to their own shores. It is rumoured that the French Minister of Agriculture may be present.

RAILWAYS v. FARMER.—If the English lines have put on under compulsion a speed which foreign State lines can in no way rival, it also must be admitted that private enterprise as existing here shows in some ways a narrow and unpatriotic selfishness, which would be impossible in France or Germany. Thus the railway companies of England have just sent a united refusal to the agriculturists who petitioned that they should extend the time during which stallions and brood mares may travel for breeding purposes, at low rates. Now, if there is one thing more than another which ought to be encouraged in rural districts it is the breeding from sound stock, and if there is one enterprise more than another free from suspicion of attempting to evade a just charge, it is the enterprise

that adds on to the expense of "service" that of railway transport. If the agricultural members of Parliament thought more of agriculture than of the railway companies, in which most of them are shareholders, they would block and stop every Railway Bill at Westminster until the concession in question was made to their constituents.

THE BATH AND WEST AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES SOCIETY has had its meeting at Rochester, beginning last week and ending on Tuesday last. The visit made some stir in the district, and railway companies ran at very generous fares. Still, the Society seems likely to be a considerable loser by its visit to the picturesque hill-site at Rochester. The major name of the Society—Bath and West—seems to swamp the tag of Southern Counties, and the general principle is involved of sticking to one's last. There are too many Shows—treble the number that can be successfully worked. Concurrent with the Rochester Show were the London Horse Show and the Suffolk Show; whilst the big Essex Show at Chelmsford opened last Wednesday—too close for exhibitors of the Bath Show to move on their animals, implements, and seeds. These, therefore, were often split in sections, so that different localities might be visited, neither getting a full representation. At Rochester the most marked classes were the Romney Marsh sheep and the white breeds of pigs from other counties. Then there were the peculiar "Bath" exhibits—special to this Society—of a large and pleasant collection of pictures, of flowers, of wool, hops, and honey. The dairy, under a large thatched house, was prominently popular through its butter-making trials, churnings, and other dairy work, shown by experts and explained by talented lecturers. In the implements were the novelties of a straw-rope-making machine, the "Speedwell" churn, and a separator, called "The Alexandra." About 1840 there was an Agricultural Society epidemic concurrent with the outbreak of Mechanics' Institutions. Kent had its Society, which lasted but for a few seasons; and railway centres are now the best localities for county Shows. Best of all plans is that of France, where the Government have official Shows in ten regions in different towns in different years—the meetings so arranged as to time that exhibitors and visitors may conveniently attend.



THERE is not much of substance in the French piece on which Mr. Comyns Carr has based his comedy entitled *Nerves* at the COMEDY Theatre, but what there is has been adroitly turned to account, and the whole is amusing in a light and sketchy way. It is cleverly played by Miss Maude Millett and Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the ill-assorted couple, and Mr. Righton and Miss Lottie Venne as the confectioner and his widow *fiancée*, who are so unexpectedly involved in Mr. and Mrs. Armytage's domestic differences, as well as Mr. Kemble as the philosophic father-in-law. *Nerves* will not take the playgoing world by storm, but it secured an encouraging reception at the hands of a first-night audience.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is playing the part of Beau Brummel in New York in a piece founded on the memoirs of that notorious

dandy of the period of the Regency. Both the play and the player are reported to be highly successful.

From *La Lutte pour la Vie* the Gymnase Company, under the direction of Mr. Mayer, have passed this week to *Paris Fin de Siècle*. These pieces, however, are not much to the taste of English audiences, and the vast size of the stage of HER MAJESTY'S is ill-suited to works which demand for their effective rendering the subtler qualities of acting. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who makes her first appearance this season on Monday next in *Jeanne d'Arc*, will necessarily suffer something from this drawback; on the other hand, this is especially a spectacular piece of a class that requires elbow room for the scenic artist and the stage manager.

Mr. Hare entertains his friends to-night at a supper at the GARRICK Theatre in commemoration of the hundredth night of *A Pair of Spectacles*. By a propitious coincidence this happens to be, also, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the popular actor and manager's first appearance on the stage.

The forty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place on Thursday at the Hôtel Métropole. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild presided.

The performances in aid of the Marlowe Memorial Fund will take place at the SHAFESBURY Theatre on the afternoon of the 4th of next month. No play from the hand of the poet of "the mighty line" will be given on the occasion. On the other hand, Mr. Courtney's one-act sketch, *The Death of Marlowe*, will be played for the first time, together with a new two-act drama by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which will, it is said, provide Mr. Willard with a totally novel character-part.

Mrs. Langtry's attack of pleurisy is unfortunately so serious as to compel her to relinquish for the present her professional duties. Under these distressing circumstances this popular lady has handed over the ST. JAMES'S Theatre to Mr. Bouchier, who will shortly reopen this house with a new farcical comedy by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, M.P., and some other novelties.

The GLOBE Theatre will reopen on the 17th inst., when Miss Adelaide Moore will appear here as Juliet. The Romeo of the occasion is Mr. Otis Skinner.

We reserve till next week a detailed notice of the performances of the Daly Company, who have commenced their season at the LYCEUM with *Casting the Vote*—a comedy founded on a German piece, in which they have already been seen at their headquarters in New York.

A REGULAR ANTI-SEMITIC CRUSADE is being planned in North Germany, to be carried on for five years. The most energetic Jew-haters held a Congress at Hanover recently, and decided to begin an active propaganda, intending, if successful, to work down the country, and organise a similar movement in Alsace-Lorraine.

AMERICAN BISON are dying out so fast that scarcely 11,000 now remain in the United States, though not twenty years ago they numbered three millions. Fortunately, a herd of 300 bison inhabit the Yellowstone Park, and being thus within the national property are protected by the State, so that the race will be preserved from total extinction.

ENGLISH WOMEN who prefer riding on the outside of omnibuses and tramcars would be somewhat astonished if the Chief Commissioner of Police interfered with their movements. In St. Petersburg, however, the Head of the Police has forbidden his countrywomen to mount on the top of the tramcars, denouncing the English fashion as most unsuitable.

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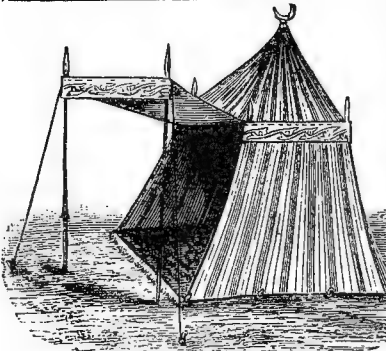
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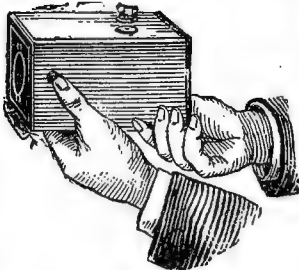
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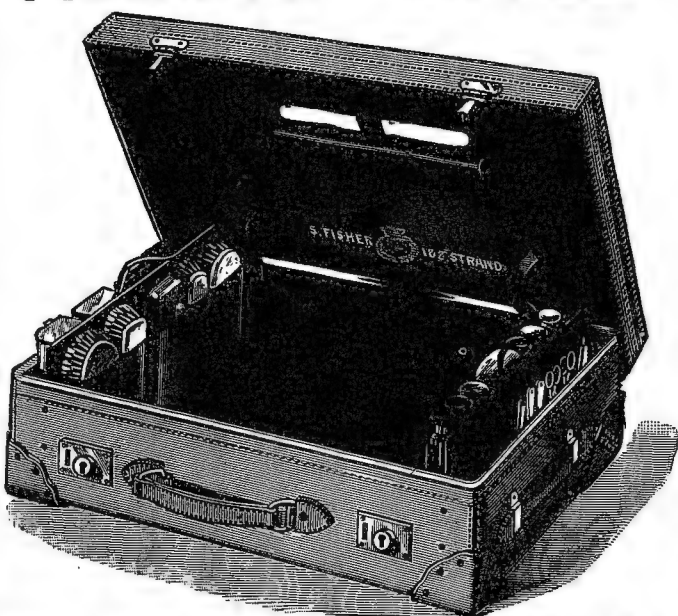
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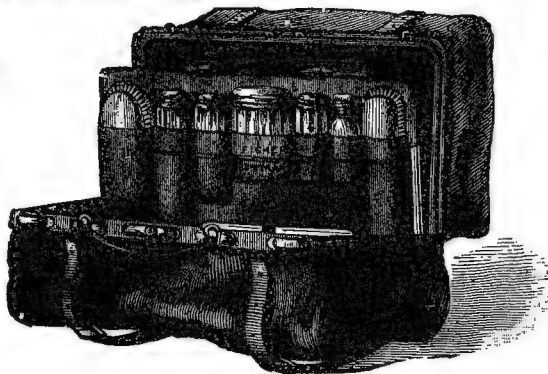
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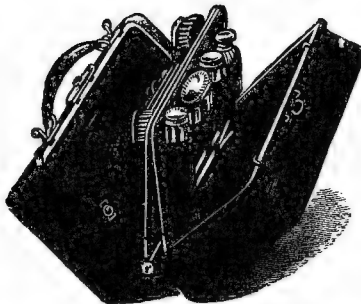
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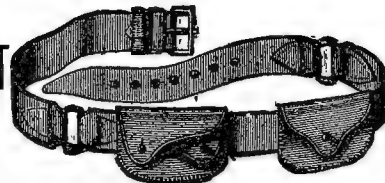
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Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.
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Physician to the Queen in Ireland.
"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil the best of all the specimens of Oil which have ever come under my notice."
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Phys. Hosp. for Diseases of the Throat.
"I have found your Light-Brown Oil much more uniform in character, more uniform in its action, and more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."
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"The value of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character has been admitted by the world of medicine."
Sold ONLY in Capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all Chemists and Druggists
SOLE CONSIGNEES—
ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.
CAUTION—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

CHAPMAN'S GEM DRESS FABRICS.



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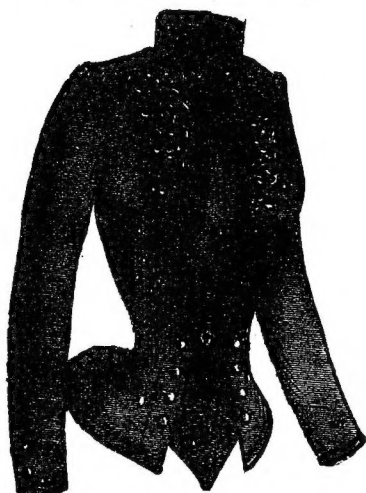
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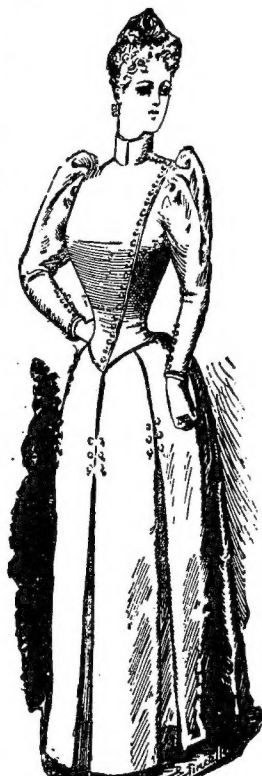
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"THE MADGE."

This New Costume is "Loch Lomond" or "Ben Nevis" Tweed, including full-length Material for Bodice, 25/6. Making Bodice, including linings, 15/- extra.

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CELEBRATED

HALF-GUINEA SILK DRESS.

NEW BENGALINE SILKS.

LATEST NOVELTY, 22 in. wide, 1/11¼ per yard.

FAILLÉ FRANÇAISE.—80 pieces of these lovely French Silks at 1/11¼ per yard, worth 3/11; also at 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, and 8/11 per yard.

PONGEE SILKS.—1,000 Pieces in every shade that art can suggest, at special prices, notwithstanding the great advance in Silk Goods, 1/0½, 1/3¼, 1/6½, 1/11½ per yard.

IMPERISHABLE SILKS.—Guaranteed to wear, of Pore Silk, light in weight, rich in effect, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per yard.

POULT MERVEILLEUX.—Marvellous value, soft, durable, and inexpensive, yet rich, from 2/11½ to 5/6 per yard.

12 yards of beautiful SOFT PONGEE for 10/6, as advertised. All Shades; width 19 by 20 ins., piece 10½d. per yard.

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DANISH SILK-FINISHED TINTED ALPAGAS.

As worn by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

Exquisite Shades in Pink, Sky, Mauve, Silver-Grey, Drab, Slate, Steel, Ecru, Buff, etc., for Dinner or Evening Wear, 45 ins. wide, 3/6 per yard.

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"Feels no hesitation in recommending its use."
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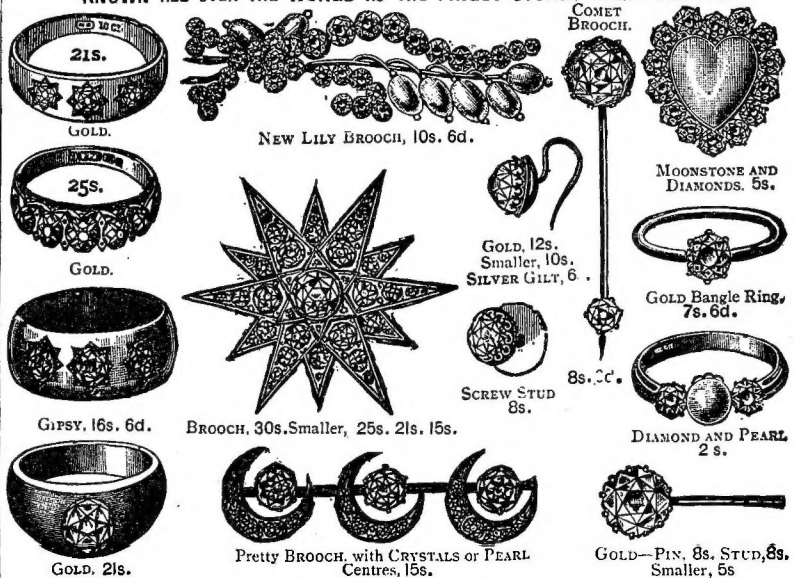
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**BOOT CLEANING
MADE EASY.**
THE "KLEENQUICK,"
[Pat. and Regd.]
20s. WITH BRUSHES.



EVERY HOUSE should have this new
INVENTION.
BOOTS and SHOES cleaned better with
HALF THE TROUBLE IN HALF THE TIME.
Send for particulars to
THE "KLEENQUICK" CO., BIRMINGHAM,
or ask IRONMONGERS and BOOTMAKERS for it.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE FINEST STONES EVER PRODUCED.



These magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, and made by most experienced workmen; detection in possible; and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to Brilliants worth TWENTY GUINEAS, the Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist every possible diamond test. Much worn for real occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the world. These stones are rapidly gaining great reputation, and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the great Exhibitions. The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous selection now ON VIEW, which astonishes all Visitors. CATALOGUES POST FREE.
NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the Sole Importer and Manufacturer—ARTHUR O. FAULKNER, 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.
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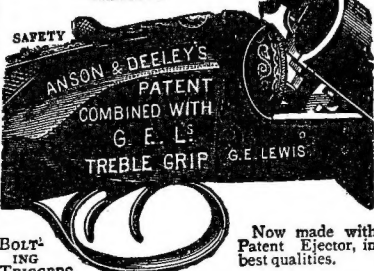
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"THE GUN of the PERIOD"
TRADE MARK
HONOURS, PARIS, 1875
DIPLOMA AND MEDAL, SYDNEY
ORDER OF MERIT, MELBOURNE AND CALCUTTA



G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP,
combined with Anson & Deeley's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolts. The opening of the gun cocks it, and bolts sears and triggers. It also has independent, interlocking bolts to tumblers, making an accidental discharge impossible. Price 20 to 40 guineas. Plain finish, 1/6. Best work only. The Gun of the Period, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Express Rifles, from 12 Guineas. Why buy from dealers when you can buy at half the price from the maker? Any Gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 4,000 Guns, Rifles and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. Send six stamps for Illustrated Catalogue, or abroad, per regd. post, 1s., returned from first purchase.
G. E. LEWIS.
32 & 33, Lower Loveday St. Birmingham. Estd. 1850.
Telegraphic Address, "Period," Birmingham.

AT THE SUMMIT DURING 13 DECADES.

BEAUFOYS HOUSEHOLD MALT Vinegars.

Best, Purest & Cheapest Obtainable.

87, SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, S. W.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.
Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND ONES THE SYSTEM." Book (128 pages), with recipes and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 11 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.

"A Woman's Crowning Glory is her Hair."

KOKO FOR THE HAIR

WILL
POSITIVELY
STOP HAIR FROM
FALLING
OUT



WILL
SURELY
INCREASE THE
GROWTH OF
HAIR

ENSURES MAGNIFICENT TRESSES.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR is a tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless.

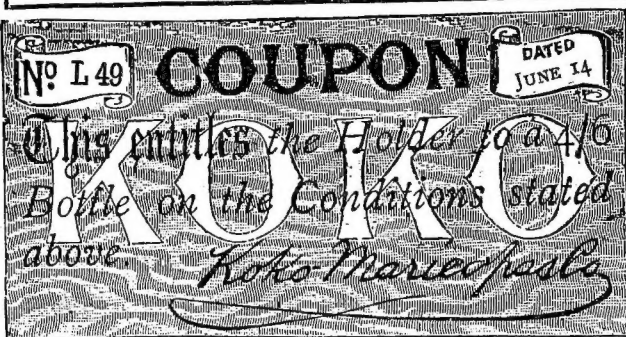
Sold by Druggists, Chemists, Hairdressers, &c., at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle of 6 oz. and 12 oz.

If you have trouble to procure it, send Postal Order for 4s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. to KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., 9, Prince Teck Buildings, Earl's Court, London, and receive a Bottle, under cover, Free by Parcel Post, or call at 233, Regent Street, and see the wonderful hair on exhibition.

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "THE GRAPHIC."

4/6 Trial Bottle for 2/-

Any reader forwarding this Coupon and P.O. for Two Shillings, and Five Stamps to pay postage, package, &c., will receive immediately for trial, by Parcel Post, under cover, pre-paid, One regular 12 oz. Bottle of Koko for the Hair, the price of which is 4s. 6d., provided it is ordered not later than ten days from date of this Coupon. We make the offer solely for trial, knowing it creates a demand when once used; and this large bottle gives it a fair trial. We find it better to thus practically give away one bottle to make a customer than to spend large amounts in advertising. Any person into whose hands this offer comes may avail themselves of it.



You can order at once on receipt of this Coupon. Address all orders, with Coupon, to KOKO-MARICOPAS CO., 9, Prince Teck Buildings, Earl's Court, London.

This Coupon may be renewed after the expiration of the ten days by writing to us, providing we are then issuing these Trial Bottle Coupons.

This Coupon will be received at Earl's Court, or 233, Regent Street, W., and 2s. only will be required when so presented.

If you do not wish to cut this paper give No. and Date of above Coupon with your Order.

"DON'T GO BALD!"



Awarded Diploma, American Exhibition, London, 1887.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

IT IS A MISTAKE

to suppose that at any age, period, or condition of life the Hair can or should be allowed to take care of itself, and that it does not require some dressing to stimulate and maintain its growth. That KOKO FOR THE HAIR is the best preparation for this purpose is conceded by all who have given it a trial.

An Authoritative Analysis.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY,

54, Holborn Viaduct, London, January 18th, 1888.

I hereby certify that I have submitted to a careful examination and Chemical Analysis a sample, purchased by myself from the stock of a well-known firm of Wholesale Druggists, of the preparation known as "Koko for the Hair."

I have found nothing in this preparation which could be injurious either to the head or hair, and the results of the analysis lead me to pronounce "Koko for the Hair" a pleasant dressing, which would undoubtedly be advantageous in many cases. I discovered in the preparation no ingredients of the nature of a colouring matter or dye.

EDWY GODWIN CLAYTON, F.I.C., F.C.S.,
Member of the Society of Public Analysts, &c.

WHAT THEY SAY.

LIKE IT EXCEEDINGLY.
Lady GERTRUDE STOCK, Maryland, Duffries, N.B., writes:—"I like the hair wash exceedingly, and prefer it to any I have ever used. My hair has certainly become thicker since I have used it, and does not come out as it did, and I also find it very pleasant and quite free from all the sticky, nasty stuff found in most other washes."

NO FEAR OF FALLING.
Miss A. PHILLIPS, 14, Princes Road, Great Yarmouth, writes:—"For years I have been unable to do anything with my hair, being afraid to brush or comb it, as it came out so badly. I have tried several preparations, but have not received any benefit from any of them. After having used 'Koko' but a short time, I could brush and comb it without the least fear of it falling out."

FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR.
Mrs. OLIVER, Tanyrodyn, Wexford, near Cardiff, writes:—"I am pleased to add a word in favour of 'Koko'. I find it an excellent dressing both for my own and my children's hair."

HAIR NICE AND SOFT.
Miss A. BULL, 9, Westfield Road, Shipley, Yorkshire, writes:—"I like 'Koko' better than any preparation I ever used. There is no stickiness whatever after using it, and my hair is as soft and soft as though just washed. My hair has come off very much for years, but I must say since using 'Koko' it has not done so much."

VERY MUCH IMPROVED.
Miss S. SAUNDERS, Hill Farm, Stow Bridge, near Downham, writes:—"Your 'Koko for the Hair' gives great satisfaction, although I do not consider I have given it a fair trial. My hair had begun to fall off, but since using 'Koko' it has very much improved, and gives the hair a soft, glossy appearance."

HAS DONE MUCH.
Mr. F. W. COOPER, 33, Bailey Street, Luton, Beds, writes:—"In a few weeks your 'Koko' has done much to prove its own merits. No doubt by my recommendations you will receive further orders."

NEVER WITHOUT IT.
Miss BOND, 16, St. Mary Street, Weymouth, Dorset, writes:—"I am pleased with 'Koko for the Hair', and I am without exception the nicest preparation I have ever used, and I hope never to be without it."

HAIR STRONGER AND THICKER.
Mrs. GRIFFIN, Whitman Road, Hounsey, A. writes:—"I have found your 'Koko' most beneficial, for my hair is stronger and thicker since using it."

A DELIGHTFUL PREPARATION.
Miss MAYO, Bronaway, Dorchester, writes:—"I like immensely the 'Koko' you sent, and shall certainly recommend it to my friends as a delightful preparation for the hair."

NOTHING TO EQUAL IT.
Miss M. A. DAVIES, 2, B. use Road, Bromley-by-Bow, writes:—"I have much pleasure in stating that 'Koko' has positively stopped my hair from falling off, and I am quite certain there is nothing equal to it."

THOUSANDS ON FILE.
EVERY EXTRACT printed above, together with thousands of other unsolicited testimonials and duplicate orders, are on file in the original envelopes, just as they have been received from people all over the Kingdom.

GOOD HAIR—HOW KEPT.
The Proprietors of "Koko for the Hair" have enlarged and illustrated their work "Good Hair—How Kept," making it a valuable 48 page book on the Human Hair, its Structure, Growth, Colour, Preservation, Diseases and their Rational Treatment—Why Hair Falls Out, Why it Turns Grey, Why it "pits," etc.—Directions for the Care of the Hair, with valuable Recipes. Sent post free on receipt of Six Stamps.

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REGISTERED DESIGN.

Engravings of many other Designs
Sent Free on application.

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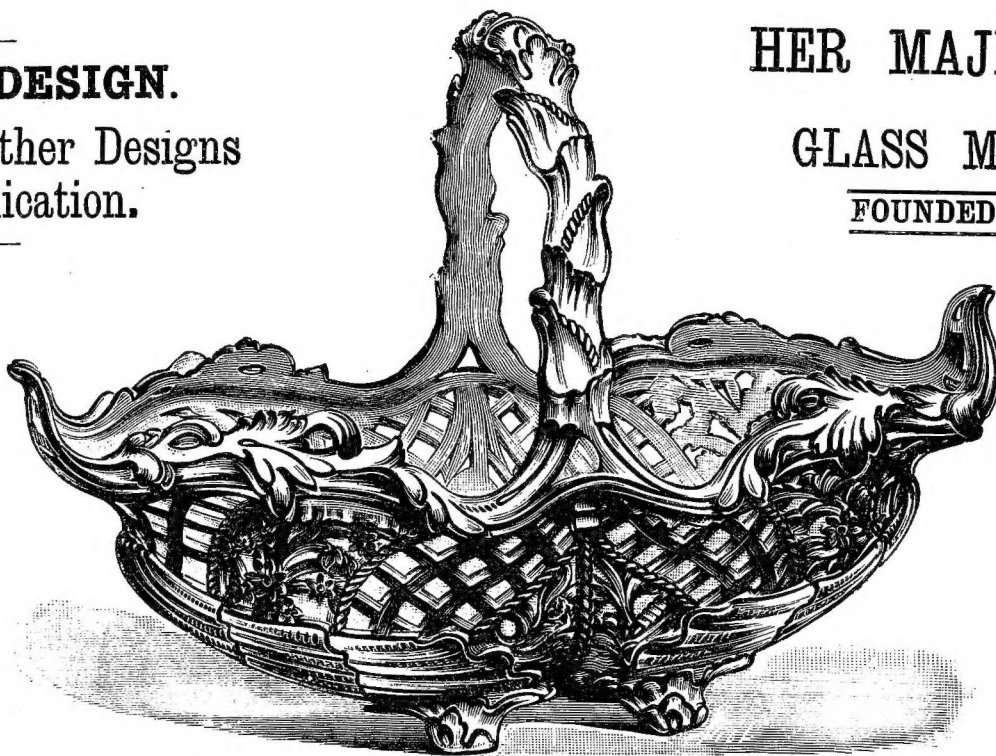
WITHOUT HANDLE.

Length.	Not Pierced.	Pierced.
8 in.	8/6	14/-
9 in.	10/6	16/6
11 in.	12/6	18/6

WHITE CHINA

WITH HANDLE.

Length.	Not Pierced.	Pierced.
8 in.	11/6	16/-
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For Fruit, Flowers, Ferns, or Bon-Bons.

HER MAJESTY'S POTTERS

AND

GLASS MANUFACTURERS

FOUNDED 130 YEARS AGO.

WHITE and GOLD

WITH HANDLE

Length.	Pierced.
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8 in.	26/-
9 in.	31/6
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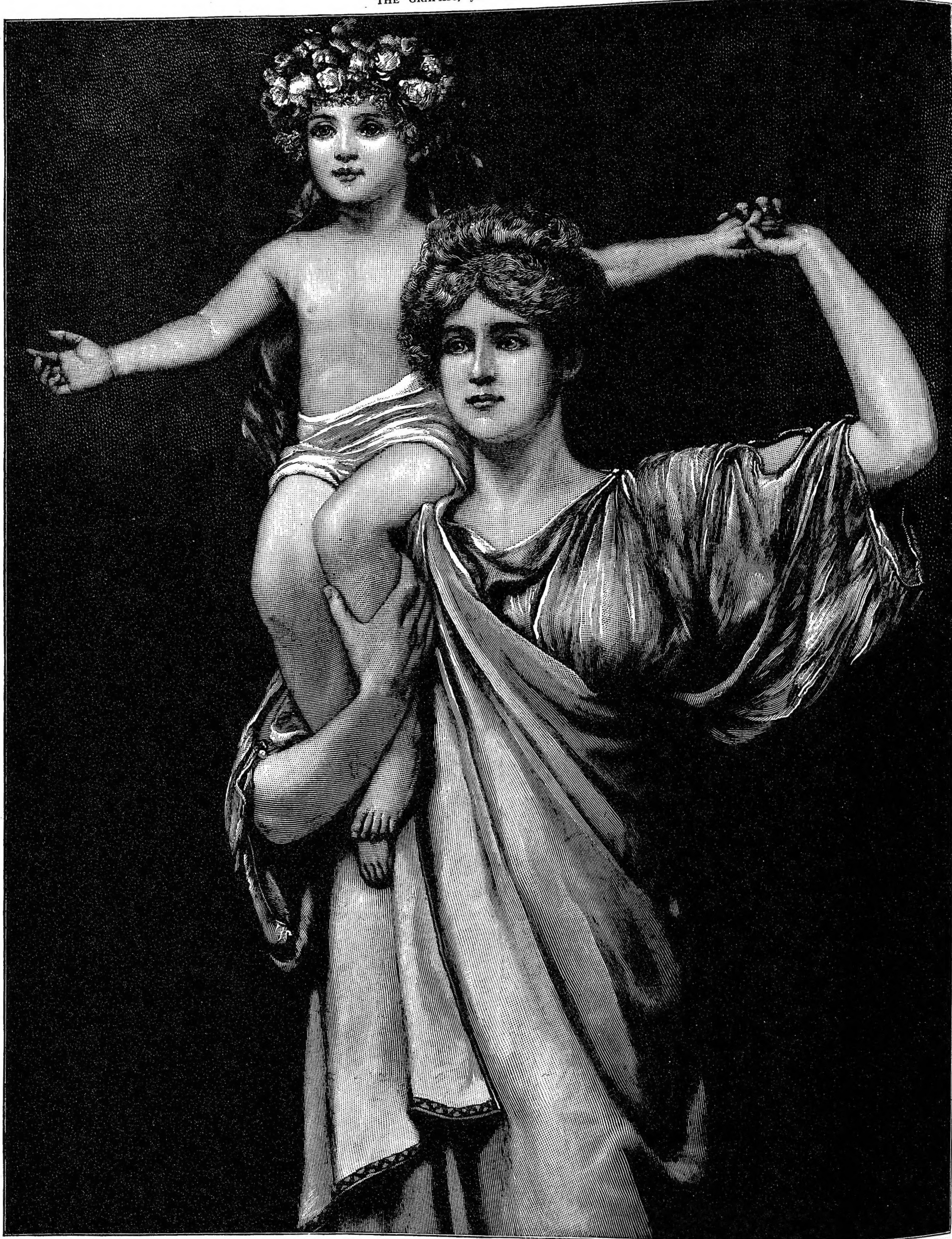
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Telegram, "Ceramic," London.

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THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 14, 1890



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FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

The "Graphic" has, with Pen and Pencil, it appears, Made friends the wide world o'er now nearly twenty years!

Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o'er— 'Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new; Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news, For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily Graphic" may, Be, with its Pen and Pencil, graphic day by day! J. ASHBY-STEEVE.

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Signed Articles by the most eminent Men of the Day.

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